AND

POETRY

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PREFACE.

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FLOWERS are universally acknowledged and appreciated as the most graceful and lovely objects among the productions of nature, and few preliminary remarks are therefore necessary in presenting to the acceptance of the public, a little work on a subject so truly delightful and interesting as the Language of Flora.

Flowers are calculated to raise generous and tender emotions in the heart, and to swell the bosom with gratitude and praise to the "Giver of every blessing," for the rich and inexhaustible treasures he has thought fit to scatter in such profusion around us, to delight our senses by their rich tints, delicate forms, and delightful perfumes—filling the air with the most delicious fragrance throughout the summer months—

"When 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears:—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs."

Poets have from the time of Chaucer to the present day adorned their verse with singing the praises and extolling the perfume of the breath of the flowers, which so delightfully blend in the zephyrs of the summer skies; and have spoken of them in language almost divine,—terming them the "Stars of the earth;"—indeed, poetry without them would lose its chief beauty, for it derives from them its richest charms.

The associations connected with flowers are equally pleasing, for are there not some of our commonest plants which we have held in the highest esteem, since the days of our infancy, when we rambled about the meadows and woods in careless innocence, that bear to us sweet memories of the happy days of childhood, and speak eloquently to the heart? And in later years have not the rose's blush, the tulip's varied hues, and the lily's grace, attracted our admiring gaze? Whilst the carnation, mignionette, and violet, with a variety of others, delighted us with their sweet perfume.

Pages may be filled in speaking the praises of these lovely gems of the earth; but what we have to consider in the present little work, is the sentiments attached to them, which may not inappropriately be called the "Language of Angels."

On searching the historic page, in all ages we find flowers were in requisition at festivals as well as at funerals, and among the Heathens, the Jews, and the Christians, they were used as emblems. In the East in particular, we have abundant proof that the feelings were expressed by them, and that there were flowers

to represent hope, love, grief, joy, care, fear, hatred, and every other sentiment; and that the acceptance or refusal of a proffered flower had great effect on the one presenting it, as we find in a passage in the Bride of Abydos, where Selim allows the rose offered by Zuleika to remain untouched, which leads her to exclaim—

> "What! not receive my favorite flower?
> Nay, then I am indeed unblest."

In the West, too, we read of the homage paid and sentiment attached to trees and flowers; and among the numerous instances we find the reward of the victor was the laurel, and the chaplet of the poet the bay; palms were the emblem of triumph—cypress of mourning—and the holly of festivals. We are told of the respect paid to the oak by our Roman and British ancestors, and the solemnity with which the Druids regarded the mistletoe and the crab apple; and the superstitions attached to several others, as the black poplar and the Rowan tree.

In the Language of Flowers—

> "The rose is a sign of joy and love,—
> Young blushing love in its early dawn,
> And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
> From the myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.
>
> "Innocence shines in the lily's bell,
> Pure as the heart in its native heaven,
> Fame's bright star, and Glory's swell,
> By the glossy leaf of the bay is given.
>
> "The silent, soft, and humble heart
> In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes
> And the tender soul that cannot part,
> A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.

"The cypress that daily shades the grave,
Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot;
And faith, that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves—forget-me-not."

But the same flower is made to convey several sentiments—according to the manner in which it is presented, and the state it is in when given. For example:—if a rose bud, or other flower with prickly or thorny stalks be presented with the thorns and leaves on, it expresses the sentiment of "I *fear* but I *hope*:" for the thorns imply fear, and the leaves, hope: but divest the sprig of the thorns and leaves, and then it becomes a warning "*neither to fear nor hope*;"—if the thorns only are cut off, you imply that "*fear is to be banished*;" but if you leave the thorns, and take away the leaves, you warn the receiver that "there is every thing to fear."

For the purpose of making the Language of Flowers fully understood, it is necessary to lay down certain rules for the guidance of the learner; and by attention to the following instructions, it will soon become a delightful occupation, and a perfect knowledge of the art will in a short time be gained.

DIRECTIONS.

1. A flower presented with leaves on its stem expresses affirmatively the sentiment of which it is the emblem ;—stripped of its leaves it has a negative meaning :—if the plant be flowerless, the latter is expressed by cutting the tops off the leaves.

2. When a flower, is given, the pronoun *I* is implied by inclining it to the *left*, and the word *thou* by inclining it to the *right*.

3. If an answer to a question is implied by the gift of a flower, presenting it to the right hand gives an affirmative, and to the left a negative reply.

4. The position in which a flower is worn may alter its meaning—on the head it conveys one sentiment, as *Caution ;* on the breast another, as *Remembrance* or *Friendship ;* and over the heart a third, as *Love.*

5. If the flower be sent, the knot of the ribbon or silk with which it is tied should be on the left as you look at the front of the blossoms, to express *I* or *me ;* and on the front *thee* or *thou.*

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

PART THE FIRST.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Abecedary	Volubility.
Acacia	Chaste Love.
Acacia Pink	Elegance
Acanthus	The Arts.
Achillea Millefolia	War.
Aconite-leaved Crow-foot, or Fair Maid of France	Lustre.
Adonis	Sorrowful remembrance,
Almond	Heedlessness.
Aloe	Acute Sorrow or Affliction.
Althæa Frutex	Persuasion.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Alyssum, Sweet	Worth beyond Beauty.
Amaranth	Immortality. Unfading Love.
Amaranth, Globe	Unchangeable.
Amaryllis	Pride.
Ambrosia	Love returned.
American Cowslip	Pensiveness.
American Elm	Patriotism.
American Linden	Matrimony.
American Starwort	Welcome to a Stranger.
Anemone	Sickness.
Angelica	Inspiration.
Angrec	Rudeness.
Apocynum	Falsehood.
Apple	Temptation.
Apple-tree Blossom	Fame speaks him great and good.
Arbor Vitæ	Unchanging friendship.
Arum, Wake Robin	Ardour.
Asclepias	Cure for the Heart-ache.
Ash	Grandeur.
Ash-leaved Trumpet Flower	Separation.
Aspen Tree	Lamentation.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Asphodel	My regret will follow you to the grave.
Auricula	Painting.
Azalea	Temperance.
Bachelor's Button	Single blessedness.
Balm	Sympathy.
Balm of Gilead	A cure.
Balsam	Impatience.
Bar-berry	Sourness
Basil	Hatred.
Bay-berry	Instruction.
Bay-leaf	I change but in dying.
Bay-wreath	The Reward of Merit.
Bear's-breech	Art.
Beech Tree	Grandeur.
Bell Flower	Constancy.
Belvidere	I declare against you.
Bee Orchis	Industry.
Betony	Surprise.
Birch	Gracefulness.
Bird Cherry	Hope.
Bird's foot Trefoil	Revenge.
Bearded Crepis	Protection.
Black Poplar	Courage.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Black Thorn	Difficulty.
Bladder Senna	Frivolous Amusements.
Bluebottle Centaury	Delicacy.
Blue flowered Greek Valerian	Rupture.
Blue Pyramidal Bell Flower	Constancy.
Bonus Henricus	Goodness.
Borage	Bluntness or roughness of manners.
Box	Stoicism.
Bramble	Remorse.
Branch of Currants	You please all.
Branch of Thorns	Severity or Rigor.
Bryony	Prosperity.
Buck-bean	Calm Repose.
Bud of a White Rose	A Heart ignorant of Love.
Bugloss	Falsehood.
Bundle of Reeds with their Panicles	Music.
Buttercup	Childishness. Rich
Butterfly Orchis	Gaiety.
Cabbage	Profit.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Calla Ethiopica	Feminine modesty.
Calycanthus	Benevolence.
Canary Grass	Perseverance.
Candy-tuft	Architecture.
Canterbury Bell	Gratitude.
Cardamine	Paternal Error.
Catesby's Star-Wort	After-thought.
Cardinal's Flower	Distinction.
Catalpa Tree	Beware of the Coquette.
Catch Fly	Youthful Love.
Cedar of Lebanon	Incorruptible.
Cedar Trees	Strength.
Chamomile	Energy in Adversity.
Chequered Fritillary	Persecution.
Cherry Tree Blossom	Spiritual Beauty.
Chesnut Tree	Render me Justice.
China Aster or Chinese Starwort	Variety.
China or India Pink	Aversion.
China Rose	Beauty always new.
Chinese Chrysanthemum	Cheerfulness under adversity.
Cistus, or Rock Rose	Popular Favour.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Cobœna	Gossip.
Cock's Comb or Crested Amaranth	Singularity.
Colchicum or Meadow Saffron	My best days are past.
Coltsfoot	Maternal Care.
Columbine	Folly.
Common Cactus or Indian Fig	I burn.
Convolvulus Major	Extinguished Hopes.
Convolvulus Minor	Night.
Corchorus	Impatience of Absence.
Coriopsis	Love at First Sight.
Coriander	Concealed Merit.
Coronilla	Success Crown your wishes.
Cowslip	Pensiveness. Attractive grace.
Cranberry	Hardiness.
Creeping Cereus	Horror.
Crocus	Smiles. Cheerfulness.
Cross of Jerusalem	Devotion.
Crown Imperial	Majesty and Power.
Crown of Roses	Reward of Merit.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Cuckoo-pint	Ardour.
Cyclamen	Diffidence.
Cypress	Despair.
Cypress Tree	Death and eternal Sorrow.
Daffodil	Deceitful Hope.
Dahlia	Instability.
Daisy	Beauty & Innocence.
—— Double	I partake your Sentiments.
—— Ox Eye	A Token.
—— Wild	Innocence.
Damask Rose	Freshness of complexion.
Dandelion	Oracle.
Daphne Odorata	Sweets to the Sweet.
Darnel or Ray Grass	Vice.
Day Lily	Coquetry.
Dew Plant	Serenade.
Diosma	Inutility.
Dittany	Birth.
Dock	Patience.
Dodder of Thyme	Business.
Dogwood, or Cornel-Tree	Durability.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Dragon Plant	Snare.—The Betrayer.
Dried Flax	Utility.
Ebony	Blackness.
Eglantine, or Sweet-Briar	Poetry.
Elder	Zealousness.
Elm	Dignity.
Enchanter's Night-shade	Witchcraft.
Endive	Frugality.
Eupatorium	Delay.
Ever-flowering Candy tuft	Indifference.
Evergreen	Poverty.
Evergreen Thorn	Solace in Adversity.
Everlasting	Never-ceasing Remembrance.
Everlasting Pea	Lasting Pleasure.
Fennel	Worthy all Praise.
Fern (Flowering)	Fascination.
Fern	Sincerity.
Fig	Argument.
Fig Marigold	Idleness.
Fig-Tree	Prolific.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Filbert	Reconciliation.
Fir	Time.
Flax	Fate.
Flax-leaved Goldy-Locks	Tardiness.
Flower of an Hour	Delicate Beauty.
Flowering Reed	Confidence in Heaven.
Fly Orchis	Error.
Forget-me-not	True Love.
Fox-glove	South.
Frankincense	The incense of a Faithful Heart.
French Honeysuckle	Rustic Beauty.
French Marigold	Jealousy.
French Willow	Bravery and Humanity.
Frog Ophrys	Disgust.
Full Blown Eglantine	Simplicity.
Full Blown Rose	Beauty.
Fuller's Teasel	Importunity.
Fumitory	Spleen.
Fuschia, Scarlet	Taste.
Garden Marigold	Uneasiness.
Garden Ranunculus	You are rich in attractions.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Garden Sage	Esteem.
Gentian	Virgin Pride.
Genista	Neatness.
Geranium, Dark	Melancholy.
——— Nutmeg	An unexpected Meeting.
——— Pink	Preference.
——— Scarlet	Comforting.
——— Silver leaved	Recall.
Germander Speedwell	Facility.
Gilly-Flower	Bonds of Affection.
Glory-Flower	Glorious Beauty.
Goat's Rue	Reason.
Golden Rod	Precaution.
Good King Henry	Goodness.—Same plant as Bonus Henricus.
Gooseberry	Anticipation.
Gourd	Extent, Bulk.
Grape, Wild	Charity.
Great Bindweed	Dangerous insinuation.
Great Flowered Evening Primrose	Inconstancy.
Gueldre Rose	Winter or Age
Hare-Bell	Delicate & lonely as this flower. Submission.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Hawk-weed	Quick-sightedness.
Hawthorn	Hope.
Hazel	Reconciliation.
Heart's Ease or Pansy	You occupy my thoughts
Heath	Solitude.
Helenium	Tears.
Heliotrope	Devoted to you.
Hellebore	Calumny.
Hemlock	You will cause my death.
Hemp	Fate.
Henbane	Imperfection.
Hepatica	Confidence.
Hibiscus	Delicate Beauty.
Horebound	Frozen Kindness.
Holly	Foresight.
Hollyherb	Enchantment.
Hollyhock	Fecundity.
Honesty	Honesty.
Honeyflower	Love, sweet and secret.
Honeysuckle	Bond of Love. Sweetness of Disposition.
——— Wild	Inconstancy in Love.
Hop	Injustice.
Hornbeam Tree	Ornament.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Horse Chesnut	Luxuriancy.
House Leek	Vivacity. Domestic Industry.
Houstonia	Content.
Hoya	Sculpture.
Humble Plant	Despondency.
Hundred-leaved Rose	Grace.
Hyacinth	Play, or Games.
Hydrangea	Boaster.
Hyssop	Cleanly.
Iceland Moss	Health.
Ice Plant	You freeze me.
Indian Cress	Resignation.
Iris	Message.
Ivy	Fidelity.
Japan Rose	Beauty is your only attraction.
Jonquil	Desire.
Judas Tree	Unbelief.
Juniper	Asylum.
Justicia	The Perfection of Female Loveliness.
Kennedia	Mental Beauty.
King-cup	I wish I was rich.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Laburnum	Pensive Beauty.
Lady's Slipper	Capricious Beauty.
Larkspur	Levity.
Laurel	Glory.
Laurel Common in Flower	Perfidy.
Laurel-leaved Magnolia	Dignity.
Laurustinus	I die if I'm neglected.
Lavender	Assiduity.
Lemon	Zest.
Lettuce	Cold-hearted.
Lichen	Solitude.
Lilac	Forsaken.
Lily of the Valley	Return of Happiness.
Lime or Linden Tree	Conjugal Fidelity.
Live Oak	Liberty.
Lobelia	Arrogance.
Locust	Vicissitude.
London Pride	Frivolity.
Lotus-Flower	Silence.
Love in a Mist	Perplexity.
Love in a puzzle	Embarrassment.
Love lies bleeding	Hopeless not Heartless.
Lucerne	Life.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Lupine	Voraciousness.
Lychnis	Religious Enthusiasm.
Lythrum	Pretension.
Madder	Calumny.
Madwort, Rock	Tranquillity.
Maize	Plenty.
Mallow	Sweet Disposition.
Mandrake	Rarity.
Maple	Reserve.
Marjoram	Blushes.
Marshmallow	Humanity.
Marvel of Peru	Timidity.
Marygold	Despair.
May Rose	Precocity.
Meadow Saffron	My best days are past.
Meadow Sweet	Uselessness.
Mercury	Goodness.
Mesembryanthemum	Idleness.
Mezereon	Desire to please. Coquette.
Michaelmas Daisy	Cheerfulness in old age.
Milfoil, or Yarrow	War.
Mignionette	Your qualities surpass charms.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Milk Vetch	Your presence softens my pain.
Mimosa	Sensitiveness.
Mint	Virtue.
Mistletoe	Obstacles to be overcome or surmounted.
Mock Orange	Counterfeit.
Monk's Hood	Knight-errantry.
Moschatell	Weakness.
Moss	Recluse.
Moss Rose	Voluptuous Love.
Mosses	Ennui.
Mossy Saxifrage	Maternal Love.
Motherwort	Concealed Love.
Mountain Ash	Prudence.
Mouse Ear Chick-weed	Ingenious simplicity.
Mouse Ear Scorpion Grass	Forget-me-not.
Moving Plant	Agitation.
Mulberry Tree	Wisdom.
Mushroom	Suspicion.
Musk Rose	Capricious beauty.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Myrtle	Love.
Narcissus	Self-esteem.
Nasturtium	Patriotism.
Nettle	Slander.
Night-blooming cereus	Transient beauty. True affection, wealth of.
Oak	Hospitality.
Oats	The witching soul of music.
Oleander	Beware.
Olive	Peace.
Orchis.	A Belle.
Orange Flowers	Chastity. Bridal festivity.
Orange Tree	Generosity.
Osier	Frankness.
Ox-eye	Obstacle.
Palm	Victory.
Parsley	Feast or banquet.
Passion-flower	Religious superstition.
Patience Dock	Patience.
Pea	An appointed meeting
Peach Blossom	I am your captive.
Penny Royal	Flee away.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Peony	Shame.
Pepper Plant	Satire.
Periwinkle	Pleasures of memory.
Persicaria	Restoration.
Persimon	Bury me amid Nature's Beauties.
Peruvian Heliotrope	Intoxicated with pleasure.—Devotion.
Pheasant'sEye or Floss Adonis.	Remembrance.
Phlox.	Unanimity.
Pimpernel	Assignation.
Pine	Pity.
Pine Apple	You are perfect.
Plane Tree	Genius.
Plum Tree	Independence.
Polyanthus	Confidence.
Pomegranate	Foolishness.
Poppy	Oblivion. Consolation to the Sick.
Prickly Pear	Satire.
Pride of China	Dissension.
Primrose	Youth.—Early days.
Privet	Defence.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Purple Clover	Provident.
Pyrus Japonica	Fairies' Fire.
Quamoclet	Busybody.
Queen's Rocket	You are the Queen of Coquettes.
Ragged Robin	Wit.
Raspberry	Envy.
Red Bay	Love's Memory.
Red Mulberry	Wisdom.
Red Pink	Lively and pure love.
Rhododendron	Danger.
Rocket	Rivalry.
Rose	Genteel, pretty.
Rose, Acacia	Elegance.
Rosebay Willow Herb	Celibacy.
Rosemary	Fidelity. Remembrance.
Rudbeckia	Justice.
Rue	Grace, or Purification.
Rush	Docility.
Sage	Domestic Virtue.
Saffron Flower	Do not abuse.
Saffron Crocus	Mirth.
Sardony	Irony.
Scabious	Unfortunate attachment.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Scarlet Flowered Ipomœa	Attachment.
Scarlet Geranium	Preference.
Scarlet Ipomœa	I attach myself to you.
Scarlet Nasturtium	Splendour.
Scotch Fir	Elevation..
Sensitive Plant	Bashful modesty. Delicate feelings.
Shamrock	Light-heartedness : also the Emblem of Ireland.
Siberian Crab Tree Blossom	Deeply Interesting.
Silver Fir	Elevation.
Small Bindweed	Obstinacy.
Small White Violet	Candour and Innocence.
Small White Bell Flower	Gratitude.
Snap Dragon	Presumption.
Snow Ball	Thoughts of Heaven.
Snow Drop	Consolation. Adventurous Friendship.
Sorrel	War ill-timed.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Sorrel, Wild	Parental Affection.
Sorrowful Geranium	Sorrowful remembrance
Southern Wood	Jest or Bantering.
Spanish Jasmine	Sensuality.
Speedwell	Female Fidelity.
——— Spiked	Resemblance.
Spider Orphys	Adroitness.
——— Wort	Transient Happiness.
Spiræ Hypericum Frutex	Uselessness.
Spring Caroline	Disappointment.
Squirting Cucumber	Critic.
St. John's Wort	Superstitious Sanctity.
Star of Bethlehem	The light of our path.
Stinging Nettle	Cruelty.
Stock, or Gillyflower	Lasting Beauty.
Straw, whole	Union.
Strawberry	Perfect Goodness.
Striped Pink	Refusal.
Sumach	Splendour.
Sunflower	False Riches.
——— Tall	Lofty and pure thoughts
——— Dwarf	Your devoted Adorer.
Swallow Wort	Medicine.
Sweet Briar	Poetry.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Sweet Flag	Fitness.
—— Pea	Delicate Pleasure. Departure.
—— Scabious	Widowhood.
Sweet Sultan	Felicity.
—— Scented Tussilago	You shall have Justice.
—— William	Craftiness.
Sycamore	Woodland Beauty.
Syringa	Memory.
Tamarisk	Crime.
Tansy	Resistance.
Teasel	Misanthropy.
Ten Week's Stock	Promptitude.
Thistle, common	Austery.
Thorn Apple	Deceitful Charms.
Thrift	Mutual Sensibility.
Throat Wort	Neglected Beauty.
Thyme	Activity.
Tiger Flower.	For once may Pride befriend me.
Traveller's Joy	Safety.
Tree of Life	Old Age.
Tuberose	I have seen a lovely Girl.
Tulip Red	Declaration of Love.
Tulip Variegated	Beautiful Eyes.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Tulip Tree	Fame.
Turnip	Charity.
Valerian	Accommodating Disposition.
Various Coloured Lantana	Rigour.
Venetian Sumach	Intellectual excellence.
Venus's Fly Trap	Deceit.
——— Looking Glass	Flattery.
Verbena	Sensibility.
Vernal Grass	Poor but Happy.
Vervain	Superstition.
Vetch Bush	Shyness.
Vine	Drunkenness.
Violet Sweet	Modesty.
Violet Yellow	Rural Happiness.
—— Blue	Faithfulness.
—— Dame	Watchfulness.
Virgin's Bower	Artifice.
Virginian Spider Wort	Momentary Happiness.
Volkameniça Japonica	May you be Happy.
Wall Flower.	Fidelity in Misfortune.
——Speedwell	Fidelity.
Walnut	Intellect.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Water Melon	Bulkiness.
Wax Plant	Susceptibility.
Wheat	Riches.
Whin	Anger.
White Jasmine	Amiableness.
—— Lily	Purity and Modesty.
—— Mullein	Good natnre.
—— Oak	Independence.
—— Pink	Talent.
—— Poplar	Time.
—— Rose, Dried	Death preferable to loss of innocence.
—— Violet	Purity of sentiment.
Wortle Berry	Treason.
Willow	Forsaken.
—— Water	Freedom.
—— Weeping	Melancholy.
—— Creeping	Love forsaken.
—— Herb	Pretension.
Winter Cherry	Deception.
Witch Hazel	A spell.
Woodbine	Fraternal Love.
Wood Sorrel	Maternal Tenderness.
Wormwood	Absence.

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Xanthium, Clot Bur	Rudeness.
Yellow Carnation	Disdain.
——— Day Lily	Coquetry.
——— Gentian	Ingratitude.
——— Iris	Flame of Love.
——— Rose	Infidelity.
Yew	Sorrow.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

PART THE SECOND.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
A Belle	Orchis.
Absence	Wormwood
Accommodating Disposition	Valerian.
Activity	Thyme.
Acute Sorrow or Affliction	Aloe.
Adroitness	Spider Orphys.
After-thought	Catesby's Star-Wort.
Agitation	Moving Plant.
Amiable	White Jasmine.
An appointed meeting	Pea.
Anger	Whin.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Anticipation	Gooseberry.
Architecture	Candy-Tuft.
Ardour	Cuckoo-pint. Arum.
Argument	Fig.
Arrogance	Lobelia.
Art	Bear's-breech.
Arts, The	Acanthus.
Artifice	Virgin's Bower.
A Spell	Witch Hazel.
Assiduity	Lavender.
Assignation	Pimpernel.
Asylum	Juniper.
Attachment	Scarlet Flowered Ipomœa
Attractive Grace	Cowslip.
Austerity	Common Thistle.
Aversion	China or Indian Pink.
Bashful modesty—Delicate feelings	Sensitive Plant.
Bashful Shame	Peony.
Beauty	Full-blown Rose.
Beauty always new	China Rose
Beauty is your only attraction	Japan Rose.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Beautiful eyes	Variegated Tulip
Benevolence	Calycanthus.
Betrayer, The	Dragon Plant.
Beware	Oleander.
Beware of the Coquette	Catalpa Tree.
Birth	Dittany.
Blackness	Ebony.
Bluntness of manners	Borage.
Blushes	Marjoram.
Boaster	Hydrangea.
Bond of Love	Honeysuckle.
Bonds of Affection	Gilly-Flower.
Bravery and humility	French Willow.
Bulkiness	Water-Melon.
Bury me amid Nature's beauties	Persimon.
Business	Dodder of Thyme.
Busybody	Quamoclet.
Calm repose	Buckbean.
Calumny	Hellebore. Madder.
Candour and Innocence	Small white violet.
Capricious beauty	Musk rose.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Celibacy	Rosebay. Willow herb.
Charity	Wild Grape.
Chaste love	Acacia.
Chastity	Orange flower.
Cheerfulness	Crocus.
Cheerfulness in old age	Michaelmas daisy.
Cheerfulness in adversity	Chinese Chrysanthemum
Childishness	Butter-cup.
Cleanly	Hyssop.
Cold-hearted	Lettuce.
Comforting	Scarlet geranium.
Complaisance	Common reed.
Concealed love	Motherwort.
Concealed merit	Coriander.
Confidence	Hepatica. Polyanthus.
Confidence in heaven	Flowering reed.
Conjugal fidelity	Lime or Linden tree.
Conclusion	Snow-drop.
Consolation to the sick	Poppy.
Constancy	Blue pyramid bellflower
Content	Houstonia.
Coquetry	Yellow day lily.
Counterfeit	Mock orange.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Courage	Black poplar.
Craftiness	Sweet William.
Crime	Tamarisk.
Critic	Squirting Cucumber.
Cruelty	Stinging nettle.
Cure, A	Balm of Gilead.
Cure for the heart-ache	Asclepias.
Danger	Rhododendron.
Dangerous Insinuation	Great Bindweed.
Death and eternal sorrow	Cypress Tree.
Death preferable to loss of innocence	White rose dried.
Deceit	Venus's fly trap.
Deceitful charms	Thorn apple.
Deceitful Hope	Daffodil.
Deception	Winter cherry.
Declaration of Love	Red Tulip.
Deeply interesting	Siberian crab-tree blossom.
Defence	Privet.
Delay	Eupatorium.
Delicacy	Blue-bottle centaury

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Delicate and lovely as this flower	Harebell.
Delicate beauty	Hibiscus. Flower of an hour.
Delicate pleasure	Sweet pea.
Desire	Jonquil.
Desire to please	Mezereon.
Despair	Cypress. Marigold.
Despondency	Humble plant.
Devoted to you	Heliotrope.
Devotion	Cross of Jerusalem.
Difficulty	Black thorn.
Diffidence	Cyclamen.
Dignity	Elm. Laurel-leaved magnolia.
Disappointment	Spring caroline.
Disdain	Yellow carnation.
Disgust	Frog Orphrys.
Dissension	Pride of China.
Distinction	Cardinal's flower.
Docility	Rush.
Domestic industry	Houseleek.
Domestic virtue	Sage.
Do not abuse	Saffron flower.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Drunkenness	Vine.
Durability	DogwoodorCornelTree.
Early youth	Primrose.
Elegance	Acacia Pink.
Elevation	Silver Fir.
Embarrassment	Love in a puzzle.
Enchantment	Hollyherb.
Energy in adversity	Camomile.
Ennui	Mosses.
Envy	Raspberry.
Error	Fly Orchis.
Esteem	Garden sage.
Extent, bulk	Gourd.
Extinguished hopes	Convolvulus major.
Facility	Germander speedwell.
Falsehood	Apocynum. Bugloss.
False riches	Sun Flower.
Fame speaks him great and good	Apple-tree blossom.
Fascination	Flowering Fern.
Fate	Flax.
Feast or banquet	Parsley.
Fecundity	Hollyhock.
Felicity	Sweet Sultan.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Female fidelity	Wall speedwell. Rosemary.
Feminine modesty	Calla Æthiopica.
Fidelity in friendship	Ivy.
Fidelity in misfortune	Wall-flower.
Fitness	Sweet-flag.
Flame of love	Yellow Iris.
Flee away	Penny Royal.
Fraternal love	Woodbine.
Freedom	Water Willow.
Frozen Kindness	Horehound.
Flattery	Venus's looking-glass.
Folly	Columbine.
Foolishness	Pomegranate.
Foresight	Holly.
Forget-me-not	Mouse-ear scorpion-grass.
For once may pride befriend me	Tiger flower.
Forsaken	Lilac. Willow.
Frankness	Osier.
Fresh complexion	Damask Rose.
Friendship	Acacia Rose.
Frivolity	London Pride.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Frivolous Amusements	Bladder Senna.
Frugality	Endive.
Gaiety	Butterfly Orchis.
Generosity	Orange tree.
Genius	Plane tree.
Genteel	Rose.
Glorious Beauty	Glory Flower.
Glory	Laurel.
Good education	Cherries.
Good nature	White Mullein.
Goodness	Bonus Henricus. Good Henry.
Gossip	Cobœna.
Grace	Hundred-leaved rose.
Gracefulness	Birch.
Grandeur	Ash. Beech tree.
Gratitude	Small white bell flower.
Hardiness	Cranberry.
Hatred	Basil.
Heart ignorant of love	Bud of a white rose.
Health	Iceland moss.
Heedlessness	Almond.
Honesty	Honesty.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Hope	Bird cherry. Hawthorn.
Hopeless not heartless	Love lies bleeding.
Horror	Creeping Cereus.
Hospitality	Oak
Humanity	Marshmallow.
I am your captive	Peach blossom.
I attach myself to you	Scarlet Ipomœa.
I burn	Common Cactus.
I change but in dying	Bay-leaf.
I declare against you	Belvidere.
I die if I'm neglected	Laurustinus.
Idleness	Mesembryanthemum. Fig Marigold.
I have seen a lovely girl	Tuberose.
Immortality	Amaranth.
Impatience	Balsam.
Impatience of absence	Corchorus.
Imperfection	Henbane.
Importunity	Fuller's Teasel.
Inconstancy	Great flowered evening primrose.
Inconstancy in love	Wild honeysuckles.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Incorruptible	Cedar of Lebanon.
Independence	Plum tree. White oak.
Indifference	Ever-flowering candy tuft.
Indiscretion.	Split Reed.
Industry	Bee Orchis.
I shall ne'er look upon his like again	Rhododendron.
Infidelity	Yellow rose.
Ingenious simplicity	Mouse-ear chickweed.
Ingratitude	Yellow gentian.
Injustice	Hop.
Innocence	Wild daisy.
Innocence and beauty	Daisy.
Inspiration	Angelica
Instability	Dahlia.
Instruction	Bayberry.
Intellect	Walnut.
Intellectual excellence	Venetian Sumach.
Intoxicated with pleasure	Peruvian Heliotrope.
Inutility	Diosma.
I partake your sentiments	Double daisy.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Irony	Sardony.
Single Blessedness	Bachelor's button.
I wish I was rich	King cup.
Jealousy	French Marigold.
Jest or bantering	Southern wood.
Justice	Rudbeckia.
Knight-errantry	Monk's hood.
Lamentation	Aspen tree.
Lastiug Beauty	Gillyflower.
Lasting pleasure	Everlasting pea.
Levity	Larkspur.
Liberty	Live oak.
Life	Lucerne.
Light-heartedness	Shamrock.
Lively and pure love	Red Pink.
Love	Myrtle.
—— at first sight	Coriopsis.
—— forsaken	Creeping Willow.
—— match, A	London Pride.
—— returned	Ambrosia.
—— sweet and secret	Honey-flower.
Love's memory	Red bay.
Lustre	Aconite leaved crowfoot
Luxuriance	Horse Chesnut.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Majesty and power	Crown imperial.
Maternal care	Coltsfoot.
——— love	Mossy saxifrage.
——— tenderness	Wood sorrel.
Matrimony	American Linden.
May you be blessed though I be miserable	Volkamenica japonica.
Medicine	Swallow-wort.
Melancholy	Dark geranium.
Melancholy lover	Weeping Willow.
Memory	Mock orange. Syringa.
Mental Beauty	Kennedia.
Message	Iris.
Mirth	Saffron crocus.
Misanthropy	Teasel.
Modesty	Sweet violet.
Momentary happiness	Virgin spider-wort.
Music	Bundle of reeds with their panicles.
Mutual Sensibility	Thrift.
My best days are past	Colchicum. Meadow saffron.
My heart bleeds for you	Camelia Japonica.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
My regret will follow you to the grave	Asphodel.
Neatness	Genista.
Neglected beauty	Throatwort.
Never-ceasing remembrance	Everlasting.
Night	Convolvulus Minor.
Oblivion	Poppy.
Obstacle	Ox eye.
Obstinacy	Small bindweed.
Old age	Tree of life.
Oracle	Dandelion.
Ornament	Hornbean tree.
Obstacles to be overcome	Mistletoe.
Painting	Auricula.
Parental affection	Wild sorrel.
Participation	Double daisy.
Paternal error	Cardamine.
Patience	Patience dock.
Patriotism	American elm. Nasturtium.
Peace	Olive.
Pensive beauty	Laburnum.
Pensiveness	American cowslip.

Perfect goodness	Strawberry.
Perfidy	Common laurel flower.
Perplexity	Love in a mist.
Persecution	Chequered Fritillary.
Perseverance	Canary grass.
Persuasion	Althæa frutex.
Pity	Pine.
Play, or Games	Hyacinth.
Pleasures of memory	Periwinkle.
Plenty	Maize.
Poetry	Eglantine, sweetbriar.
Poor but happy	Vernal grass.
Popular favour	Cistus or rock rose.
Poverty	Evergreen Clematis
Precaution	Golden rod.
Precocity	May rose.
Preference	Scarlet Geranium.
Presumption	Snap Dragon.
Pretension	Lythrum. Willow herb
Pride	Amaryllis.
Profit	Cabbage.
Prolific	Fig-tree.
Promptitude	Ten weeks' stock.
Prosperity	Bryony.
Protection	Bearded Crepis.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Provident	Purple clover.
Prudence	Mountain Ash.
Purification or Grace	Rue.
Purity and modesty	White lily.
Purity of sentiment	White violet.
Quick-sightedness	Hawkweed.
Rarity	Mandrake.
Reason	Goat's rue.
Recall	Silverheaded geranium
Recluse	Moss.
Reconciliation	Filbert.
Refusal	Striped pink.
Religious enthusiasm	Lychnis.
Religious superstition	Passion Flower.
Remembrance	Pheasant's eye or floss Adonis.
Remorse	Bramble.
Render me justice	Chesnut tree.
Resemblance	Spiked Speedwell.
Reserve	Maple.
Resignation	Indian cress.
Resistance	Tansy.
Restoration	Persicaria.
Return of happiness	Lilly of the valley.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Revenge	Bird's foot Trefoil.
Reward of virtue	Crown of roses.
Reward of merit	Bay wreath.
Riches	Wheat. Butter cup,
Rigour	Various colured lantana.
Rivalry	Rocket.
Rudeness.	Angrec.
Royalty	Xanthium. Clot bur.
Rupture	Blue flowered Greek valerian.
Rural Happiness	Yellow violet.
Rustic Beauty	French honeysuckle.
Safety	Traveller's Joy.
Satire	Pepper plant. Prickly pear.
Sculpture	Hoya.
Self-esteem	Narcissus.
Sensibility	Verbena.
Sensitiveness	Mimosa.
Sensuality	Spanish jasmine.
Separation	Ash-leaved trumpet flower.
Serenade	Dew plant.
Severity	Branch of thorns.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
She will be fashionable	Queen's rocket.
Shyness	Vetch bush.
Sickness	Anemone.
Silence	Lotus flower.
Simplicity	Full blown Eglantine.
Sincerity	Fern.
Singularity	Cock's comb, or crested amaranth.
Slander	Nettle.
Sleep of the heart	White poppy.
Smiles	Crocus.
Snare	Dragon plant.
Solace in adversity	Evergreen Thorn.
Solitude	Lichen. Heath.
Sorrow	Yew.
Sorrowful remembrance	Sorrowful geranium.
Sourness	Barberry.
Spiritual beauty	Cherry-tree blossom.
Splendour	Scarlet nasturtium. Sumach.
Spleen	Common fumitory.
Stoicism	Box.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Strength	Cedar tree.
Success crown your wishes	Harebell.
Submission	Coronilla.
Superstition	Vervain.
Superstitious sanctity	St. John's Wort.
Surprise	Betony.
Susceptibility	Wax plant.
Suspicion	Mushroom.
Sweet disposition	Mallow.
Sweets to the sweet	Daphne Odorata.
Sympathy	Balm.
Talent	White Pink.
Tardiness	Flax-leavedgoldy locks
Taste	Scarlet fuschia.
Tears.	Helenium.
Temperance	Azalea.
Temptation	Apple.
The incense of a faithful heart	Frankincense.
The light of our path	Star of Bethlehem.
The perfection of female loveliness	Justicia.
The witching soul of music	Oats.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Thoughts	Heart's ease.
Thoughts of heaven	Snow bell.
Time	White poplar. Fir.
Timidity	Marvel of Peru.
Token, A	Laurestinus. Double ox-eye.
Tranquillity	Madwort, rock
Transient beauty	Night-blooming Cereus.
——— happiness	Spider wort.
Treason	Whortle berry.
True love	Forget-me-not.
Truth	Bitter sweet night-shade.
Unanimity	Phlox.
Unbelief	Judas tree.
Unchangeable	Globe amaranth.
Unchanging friendship	Arbor vitæ.
Uneasiness	Garden marigold.
Unexpected meeting	Nutmeg geranium.
Unfortunate attachment	Scabious
Union	Whole straw.
Uselessness	Spiræ hypericum frutex. Meadow sweet.
Utility	Dried flax.

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Variety	China aster or Chinese starwort.
Vice	Darnel, or ray grass.
Vicissitude	Locust.
Victory	Palm.
Virgin pride	Gentian.
Virtue	Mint.
Vivacity	House leek.
Volubility	Abecedary.
Voluptuous love	Moss Rose.
Voluptuousness	Tuberose.
Voraciousness	Lupine.
Vulgar minds	African marigold.
War	Achillea millefolia. Common milfoil.
Watchfulness	Dame violet.
Weakness	Moschatell.
Welcome to a stranger	American starwort.
Widowhood	Sweet scabious.
Winter, or Age	Gueldre Rose.
Wisdom	Red Mulberry.
Wit	Ragged Robin.
Wit, ill-timed	Sorrel.
Witchcraft	Enchanter's nightshade

Meanings.	*Flowers.*
Woodland beauty	Sycamore.
Worth beyond beauty	Sweet alyssum.
Worthy all praise	Fennel.
You are my divinity	American cowslip.
You are perfect	Pine apple.
You are rich in attractions	Garden ranunculus.
You are the queen of coquettes.	Queen's rocket.
You are without pretensions	Rose campion.
You freeze me	Ice plant.
You occupy my thought	Heart's ease or Pansy.
You please all	Bunch of currants.
Your presence softens	Milk vetch.
Your qualities surpass your charms	Mignionette.
You shall have justice	Sweet-scented tussilago
Youth	Fox glove.
Youthful love	Catch-fly.
You will cause my death	Hemlock.
Zealousness	Elder.
Zest	Lemon.

THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.

PREFACE.

ATTACHED to the Language of Flora is a selection of Poetry on Flowers, which, it is hoped, will give additional interest to this little volume, and make it an appropriate token of affection.

Poetry is so closely connected with flowers, that we scarcely ever find a poet who does not call in those sweetest smiles of nature—her beautiful children of the wilds, to decorate his verse.—What a loss would the poet sustain were he to be deprived of the beautiful gems that dwell beside his paths, and look up to him from their lowly beds. Where would he fly for images of beauty—of purity—of peace—of truth—of love—were he to be debarred from flowers.

As the bouquet of Summer is not composed of one class of plants, but by the blending of colours and combination of the fragrance of many, so has it been thought desirable that the selection of poetry should consist of pieces that most excel in tenderness and pathos, and that are suitable for the perusal of the grave as well as the gay.

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POETRY OF FLOWERS.

THE FLOWERS OF GOD.

THE welcome flowers are blossoming,
In joyous troops revealed;
And lift their dewy buds and bells,
In garden, mead, and field.
They lurk in every sunless path,
Where forest children tread;
And dot, like stars, the sacred turf
Which lies above the dead.

They sport with every playful wind
Which stirs the blooming trees;
And laugh on every fragrant bush,
All full of toiling bees:
From the green marge of lake and stream,
Fresh vale and mountain sod,
They look in gentle glory forth—
The pure, sweet flowers of God.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree, and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drank them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night.

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
And beautify the earth;

To whisper hope—to comfort man
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him.

WILD FLOWERS.

Beautiful children of the woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,
Or into clusters, 'neath the hazels, gather,—
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem
From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,
Than those that flourish by a garden-wall;
And I can image you, as in a dream,
Fair modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth
Are fixed, as in a queenly diadem;
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light erewhile into the world came,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow!
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—
Our own bluebell—the daisy, that doth rise
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow;
And thousands more of blessed forms and dyes,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew!
Fanned, in your loveliness, by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees;
I often wish that I were one of you,
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake!
The Evening Star grows dim and fades away,
The Morning comes and goes, and then the day

Within the arms of Night its rest doth take;
 But ye are wakeful wheresoe'er we stray,—
 I love ye all!

Beautiful objects of the wild-bee's love!
 The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,
 And in your native woods and wilds to be;
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move;
 Ye are so passing fair—so passing free,—
 I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
 The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,
 And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side!
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell;
 And, though the Worldling, scorning, may deride,—
 I love ye all!

SONG TO DIAPHENIA.

DIAPHEN's like the daffy-down-dilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
 Heigh-ho! how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams;
 How blest were I if thou would'st prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
For dead, thy breath to life might move me!

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed
When all thy praises are expressed,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:—
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me;

THE ALPINE VIOLET.

THE spring is come, the violet's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun;
With us she is but a winter flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue,
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

But when the spring comes with her host
Of flowers, that flower, beloved the most,
Shrinks from the crowd, that may confuse
Her heavenly odours and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember
Their herald out of dire December;
The morning star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's lengthened hours;
And 'mid the roses ne'er forget
The virgin, virgin violet.

SUMMER WILL SPREAD HER ROSES

Summer will spread her roses
O'er mountain and o'er lea,
The wee blithe birdies 'mang the weeds
Will sing wi' joyous glee—
Will sing wi' joyous glee,
For a' shall happy be;
Yet I will aye be lane at heart,
Since Mary lo'es na me.

Her cheek is fair and blooming,
Her een are bonnie blue,
Her lips are like the wild moss rose
When moistened o'er wi' dew.—
When moistened o'er wi' dew,
They would be sweet to pree,
Yet I can never taste sic bliss,
For Mary lo'es na me.

She aye looks on me kindly,
An' meets me wi' a smile,
An' by her side, in dreamy joy,
Lang hours I aft beguile—
Lang hours I aft beguile;
Yet in her dark blue e'e,
There's something says her heart is cauld—
That Mary lo'es na me.

They say she lo'es anither,
An' I need hope nae mair,
They speak o' some wi' as bright een,
An' wi' a brow as fair—
An' wi' a brow as fair;
But they nae joy can gi'e:
My heart will aye be Mary's still,
Though she should ne'er lo'e me.

FLOWERS.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld;

Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
 Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
 God hath written in those stars above;
But not less, in those bright flowrets under us,
 Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
 Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation
 In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far seeing,
 Seeks, alike in stars and flowers, a part
On the self-same universal Being,
 Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowrets in the sunlight shining,
 Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
 Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
 Flaunting gaily in the gorgeous light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
 Tender wishes blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
 Workings are they of the self-same powers,

Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
  Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
  Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born:
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
  Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
  And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
  And in the centre of his brazen shield:

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
  On the mountain top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
  Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
  Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But on old cathedrals high and hoary,
  On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
  In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
  Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places then, and in all seasons,
  Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,

Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

THE FLOWER OF THE WEST.

THE dewdrops of morning
Each flower were adorning,
The sweet early lark soared on high 'bove her nest.
As by Kelvin* I strayed,
Where its clear waters played,
To meet with fair Jeannie, the flower of the west.

O, long have I lo'ed her,
With fond thoughts have wooed her—
To her breathed my soul in strains she loves best;
There's none knows the feeling,
That's through my heart stealing,
At the name of sweet Jeannie, the flower of the west.

Her hair in soft tresses,
Her pale cheek caresses;
Her eyes like twin stars when the sun's gone to rest;

* A beautiful and romantic stream in Scotland.

I've oft thought that Heaven
To none smiles had given,
Like those of fair Jeannie, the flower of the west.

The earth has its pleasures,
And rich golden treasures
Lie hid in the caves of its dark rocky breast;
But far brighter gems dwell
In each rich laden cell
Of the mind of sweet Jeannie, the flower of the west.

May despair's chilling storm
Ne'er assail her fair form;
May her heart by pale anguish ne'er be opprest;
May fair angels bless her,
Watch o'er and caress her,
And shield from cold winds the flower of the west.

Though the sweet bonnie blossom
Should ne'er grace *my* bosom,
Or pour forth its perfume on this wounded breast,
Yet still will I cherish,
And never let perish,
My heart's love for Jeannie, the flower of the west.

TO A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

Still, gentle lady, cherish flowers—
  True fairy friends are they,
On whom, of all thy cloudless hours,
  Not one is thrown away;
By them, unlike man's ruder race,
  No care conferr'd is spurned,
But all thy fond and fostering grace
  A thousand-fold return'd.

The rose repays thee all thy smiles—
  The stainless lily rears,
Dew in the chalice of its wiles,
  As sparkling as thy tears.
The glances of thy gladden'd eyes
  Not thanklessly are pour'd;
In the blue violet's tender dyes
  Behold them all restored.

Yon bright carnation—once thy cheek
  Bent o'er it in the bud;
And back it gives thy blushes meek
  In one rejoicing flood!
That balm has treasured all thy sighs.
  That snow-drop touch'd thy brow,
Thus not a charm of thine shall die,
  Thy painted people vow.

THE BOUQUET.

One summer's morn, fair Flora's shrine
  A beauteous maiden sought,
A faultless bouquet to combine,
  Was what she would be taught.
'Choose, maiden, from the flowery race,
  Thy favourites with care,'
Said Flora, 'and I'll show the place
  Where each will seem most fair.'

A half blown rose, with sunny smile,
  Won first the fair maid's heart;
She raised it to her lips the while,
  The twins were loth to part.
'The work is done,' the goddess cries,
  'The bouquet's faultless now,
The flower, the lip, the world defies,
  For sweetness I will trow.'

THE AUTUMN FLOWER.

I wandered forth at the blush of morn,
  While the dew on the leaves yet hung;
And shadows deep of the giant oak
  Were far o'er the green sward flung.

'Twas an autumn morn, and beside my way
A sweet flower bloomed on that autumn day.

I watched as it oped to the breath of morn,
A blossom alone on the plain;
For a few fleet hours in beauty it bloomed,
But the sharp frost came again.
It withered and dried, and shrunk away,
That flower that bloomed on an autumn day.

Thus on each tender thing of life,
Will Death's cold hand be laid;
And what now blooms in rosy health,
Like the lark in the breezy glade,
Must sink to the earth and pass away,
Like the flower that bloomed on an autumn day.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH.

Wee modest crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stour
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power.
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blythe to greet
The purplin east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield !
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorn'st the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy showy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lift'st thy unassuming head
In humble guise :
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou liest !

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flowret of the rural shade !

By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust:
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride and cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but heaven,
He ruined sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

MY HOME BENEATH THE SYCAMORE.

How oft doth memory linger near,
A spot which to my heart is dear;
While fancy's vision brightly shows
A ripling stream which gently flows
Along a deep and flowery vale,
Where bloom the lilies pure and pale,
Where stands upon its pebbly shore,
My home beneath the sycamore.

But O, how dear thy native scenes,
Thy running brooks and purling streams;
While now their tinkling eddies run,
And dance and twinkle in the sun.
Where the wild wood bird's stirring note
Amid the scene so soothing float;
While the gay lark above did soar
My home beneath the sycamore.

When twilight soft its rays has lent
To gild the glorious firmament,
I've strayed along the mountain side,
Where swells beneath the rolling tide,
Mid brook, and bird, and fragrant trees,
With all their wondrous power to please
Oft memory sweetly lingers o'er
My home beneath the sycamore.

FIELD FLOWERS.

FLOWERS of the field, how meet ye seem
  Man's frailty to pourtray:
Blooming so fair, 'neath morning's beam,
  Passing at eve away;
Teach this, and oh! though brief your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath
  For youth's unthinking brow;
Go, and to busy manhood breathe
  What most he fears to know;
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones, and gay,
  Ye breathe these truths severe;
To those who droop, 'neath pale decay,
  Have ye no word of cheer?
Yes, yes, ye weave a double spell,
And life and death betoken well.

Go then where, wrapt in fear and gloom,
  Fond hearts and true are sighing;
And deck with emblematic bloom
  The pillow of the dying;
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
Of your long sleep and broken chain.

And say, that He who from the dust
  Recalls the slumbering flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
  His mercy and his power;
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll ere long the stone away.

THE LILY O' THE VALE.

How oft I've sat beneath this bower,
At twilight's calm enchanting hour,
An' wooed a sweet wee modest flower—
  The lily o' the vale.

The bricht-birds sang frae 'mangst the trees
Soon lost its charm my heart to please,
When her rich voice swelled on the breeze—
  Fair lily o' the vale.

My heart has throbbed wi' pleasure sweet,
The hours hae fled like moments fleet,
When her ripe lips wi' mine did meet—
  Sweet lily o' the vale.

Her brow is o' the snawdrap's hue,
An' dark her een o' shining blue,
Her lips twin roses gemmed wi' dew—
  Fair lily o' the vale.

Her dark an' flowing silken hair,
In ringlets kiss a cheek so fair,
That aft I've wished sic bliss to share—
Sweet lily o' the vale.

Wi' beauty's form, an' grace refined,
She bears within a wealthy mind,
Whaur a' that's pure an' bricht's combined—
Dear lily o' the vale.

Flowers mair gay may deck the plain;
Sae chaste an' lovely, there are nane,
To me at least, compared wi' Jane—
The lily o' the vale.

TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes.
And I will pledge with mine!
Or leave a kisse within the cup,
And I'le not looke for wine.
The thirst that from the soule doth rise
Doth aske a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,

As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to mee,
Since when it growes, and smells, I sweare,
Not of itself but thee.

THE FLOWER DIAL.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed,
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams,—
When shepherds gathered their flocks of old,
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
  Far off on a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary guest,
  Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
  Marked thus—even thus—on earth
By the closing of one hope's delight,
  And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live so that flower by flower.
  Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingering still for the sunset hour,
  A charm for the shaded eve.

SYMPATHY OF CHILDHOOD WITH FLOWERS.

Not *one*, mamma! not only one:
  I could not bear to sever
That bond of gentle union
  So rudely thus for ever.

The primrose could not live alone
  Its graceful head would pine,
Its starry blossoms, one by one,
  Forsake their dewy shrine.

How would it languish for the buds
It left in thousands there,
Fringing the margin of the woods,
Like gems in beauty's hair!

That sweet, pale rose! O cull it not
Without its kindred flowers,
Nor doom it to an exile's lot,
Far from its native bowers.

But let me bring a handful more,
Yellow, and white, and red,
Their mingled fragrancy to pour—
Their blended light to shed.

And see those daisy-twins, mamma;
How lovingly they smile!
Yearning for day's resplendent star,
Yet bright'ning earth the while.

I could not bear to bid them part,
And leave one lonely here;
'Twould seem like tearing from my heart
Some friendship fond and dear.

LINES ON FLOWERS.

FLOWERS are the brightest things which earth
On her broad bosom loves to cherish;
Gay they appear as children's mirth,
Like fading dreams of hope they perish.

In every clime, in every age,
Mankind have felt their pleasing sway;
And lays to them have deck'd the page
Of moralist—and minstrel gay.

By them the lover tells his tale,
They can his hopes, his fears express;
The maid, when words or looks would fail,
Can thus a kind return confess.

They wreath the harp at banquets tried,
With them we crown the crested brave:
They deck the maid—adorn the bride—
Or form the chaplets for her grave.

TO THE VIOLET.

SWEET lowly plant! once more I bend
To hail thy presence here,

Like a beloved returning friend
From absence doubly dear.

Wert thou for ever in our sight,
Might we not love thee less?
But *now* thou bringest new delight,
Thou *still* has power to bless.

Still doth thine April presence bring
Of April joys a dream;
When life was in its sunny Spring—
A fair unrippled stream.

And still thine exquisite perfume
Is precious as of old;
And still thy modest tender bloom,
It joys me to behold.

It joys and cheers whene'er I see
Pain on Earth's meek ones press,
To think the storm that rends the tree
Scathes not thy lowliness.

And thus may human weakness find,
E'en on thy lowly flower,
An image cheering to the mind
In many a trying hour.

A SONG OF THE ROSE.

Rose! what dost thou here?
Bridal, royal rose?
How, 'midst grief and fear,
Canst thou thus disclose
That fervid hue of love, which to thy heart-leaf glows?

Rose! too much arrayed
For triumphal hours,
Look'st thou through the shade
Of these mortal bowers,
Not to disturb my soul, thou crown'd one of all flowers!

As an eagle soaring
Through a sunny sky,
As a clarion pouring
Notes of victory,
So dost thou kindle thoughts, for earthly life too high—

Thoughts of rapture, flushing
Youthful poet's cheek,
Thoughts of glory rushing
Forth in song to break,
But finding the spring-tide of rapid song too weak.

Yet, oh ! festal rose,
I have seen thee lying
In thy bright repose
Pillowed with the dying,
Thy crimson by the life's quick blood was flying.

Summer, hope, and love,
O'er that bed of pain,
Met in thee, yet wove
Too, too frail a chain
In its embracing links the lovely to detain.

Smil'st thou, gorgeous flower ?—
Oh ; within the spells
Of thy beauty's power
Something dimly dwells,
At variance with a world of sorrows and farewells.

All the soul forth-flowing
In that rich perfume,
All the proud life glowing
In that radiant bloom,
Have they no place but here, beneath the o'ershadowing tomb ?

Crown'st thou but the daughters
Of our tearful race ?—
Heaven's own purest waters.
Well might bear the trace
Of thy consummate form, melting to softer grace,

Will that clime enfold thee
With immortal air?
Shall we not behold thee
Bright and deathless there?
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendently more fair?

Yes! my fancy sees thee
In that light disclose,
And its dream thus frees thee
From the mist of woes,
Darkening thine earthly bowers, O bridal, royal rose!

THE LIFE OF FLOWERS.

I WOULD, dear love! that I thy convert were
To that strange lore.—The fair flowers dream and feel,
Are glad and woful, fond and scornful are;
And mutely conscious how the unresting wheel
Of Time revolveth, and doth hourly steal
Their beauty, and the heart-companionship
Of their nectarious kindred, and reveal
Their souls to sunlight, and with fragrant lip
Drink the abundant dews that from God's eyelids drip.

But then, I never dare another cull,
To crush its being, and for ever end
Its commune with its fellows beautiful:
Ah! no, presence and absence never blend
A consciousness about them; or to rend
Lover from lover, in their early wooing,
When even the rainbow their dew'd eyes transcend;
For our adornment merely—oh!'twere doing
Sweet creatures bitter wrong, with our worst woes indulging.

At least, for conscience-sake, I'll not believe
That they are sensible to hearted feeling;
For in no creature's being would I weave
Those griefs which even now I am revealing
In tears and sighs, from lips and eyelids stealing—
Sad rain and wind of my heart's laden cloud!—
By which, if they do feel, with wounds unhealing
Their parted spirits must be cleft and bow'd
Till they grew pale and sear, and wore death's common shroud.

Then, to the lover's and the poet's warning
Attend, as to a Delphic oracle;
When flowers into the grey eyes of the morning
Peer in awaken'd beauty from Night's cell;
On the warm heart of Noontide when they dwell;

Or close in loveliness at Twilight's feet
They gave their thoughts and dreams; and thou dost quell
A gentle spirit in each blossom sweet
(Which its love-conscious mates for ever pine to greet—

And pine in vain!) which thy small hand doth sunder
From its green birth-place!—Art thou of those that sleep
In common thought, to whom there is no wonder
In all the universe sublime and deep—
Invisible and visible! There weep
Dews of a Morning round us, which must break—
And unveil all things o'er which darkly sweep
The night-shades of our ignorance. Awake!
And in this creed believe—for love's, if not truth's sake.

THE LAST WISH.

Go to the forest shade—
Seek thou the well-known glade,
Where, heavy with sweet dew, the violets lie.
Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,
Like dark eyes filled with sleep,
And bathed in hues of summer's midnight sky.

Bring me their buds, to shed
Around my dying bed
A breath of May, and of the wood's repose;
For I in sooth depart
With a reluctant heart,
That fain would linger where the bright sun glows.

Fain would I stay with thee—
Alas! this may not be;
Yet bring me still the gifts of happier hours:
Go where the fountain's breast
Catches, in glassy rest,
The dim green light that pours through laurel bowers.

I know how softly bright,
Steeped in that tender light,
The water-lilies tremble there, e'en now;
Go to the pure stream's edge,
And from its whispering sedge
Bring me those flowers to cool my fevered brow!

Then, as in hope's young days,
Track you the antique maze
Of the rich garden, to its grassy mound;
There is a lone white rose,
Shedding, in sudden snows,
Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf around:

Well know'st thou that fair tree—
A murmur of the bee

Dwells ever in the honey'd lime above;
Bring me one pearly flower
Of all its clustering shower—
For on that spot we first revealed our love.

Gather one woodbine bough,
Then from the lattice low
Of the bowered cottage which I bade thee mark,
When by the hamlet last,
Through dim wood-lanes we pass'd,
While dews were glancing to the glow-worm's spark:

Haste! to my pillow bear
Those fragrant things and fair,
Thy hand no more may bind them up at eve—
Yet shall their odours soft
One bright dream round me waft
Of life, youth, summer—all that I must leave;

And oh! if thou wouldst ask
Wherefore thy steps I task,
The grove, the stream, the hamlet vale to trace—
'Tis that some thought of me,
When I am gone, may be
The spirit bound to each familiar place.

I bid mine image dwell
(Oh! break not thou the spell!)
In the deep wood and by the fountain side;

Bring me their buds, to shed
Around my dying bed
A breath of May, and of the wood's repose;
For I in sooth depart
With a reluctant heart,
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'Tis that some thought of me,
When I am gone, may be
The spirit bound to each familiar place.

I bid mine image dwell
(Oh! break not thou the spell!)
In the deep wood and by the fountain side;

Thou must not, my beloved!
Rove where we two have roved,
Forgetting her that in her spring-time died!

TO A WILD FLOWER.

In what delightful land,
Sweet scented flower, didst thou attain thy birth?
Thou art no offspring of the common earth,
By common breezes fann'd.

Full oft my gladden'd eye,
In pleasant glade or river's marge has traced,
(As if there planted by the hand of taste),
Sweet flowers of every dye.

But never did I see,
In mead, or mountain, or domestic bower,
'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,
One half so fair as thee.

Thy beauty makes rejoice
My inmost heart. I know not how 'tis so—
Quick coming fancies thou dost make me know,
For fragrance is thy voice.

And still it comes to me,
In quiet night, and turmoil of the day,
Like memory of friends gone far away,
Or, haply, ceased to be.

Together we'll commune,
As lovers do, when, standing all apart,
No one o'erhears the whispers of their heart,
Save the all-silent moon.

Thy thoughts I can divine,
Although not uttered in vernacular words;
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds;
Of venerable wine;

Of Earth's fresh shrubs and roots;
Of Summer days, when men their thirsting slake
In the cool fountain, or the cooler lake,
While eating wood-grown fruits.

Thy leaves my memory tell
Of sights, and scents, and sounds, that come again,
Like ocean's murmurs, when the balmy strain
Is echoed in its shell.

The meadows in their green
Smooth running waters in the far off ways,
The deep-voiced forest, where the hermit prays,
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild,
'Mong sylvan shades, near music-haunted springs,
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,
The music of the woods, the love that stirs
Wherever Nature charms her worshippers,
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget
What thou hast taught me in my solitude;
My feelings have acquired a taste of good,
Sweet flower! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul
A blessing and a peace, inspiring thought;
And dost the goodness and the power denote
Of Him who formed the whole.

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Fair flow'r, that lapt in lowly glade
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
Than whom the vernal gale
None fairer wakes on bank or spray,
Our England's lily of the May,
Our lily of the vale.

Art thou that "Lily of the field,"
Which, when the Saviour sought to shield
The heart from blank despair,
He showed to our mistrustful kind,
An emblem to the thoughtful mind
Of God's paternal care?

Not thus I trow: for brighter shine
To the warm skies of Palestine
Those children of the east—
There, when mild autumn's early rain
Descends on parch'd Esdrela's plain,
And Tabor's oak-girt crest—

More frequent than the host of night,
Those earth-born stars, as sages write,
Their brilliant disks unfold;
Fit symbol of imperial state
Their sceptre-seeming forms elate,
And crowns of burnish'd gold.

But not the less sweet spring-tide's flower,
Dost thou display the Maker's power,
His skill and handy work,
Our western valley's humbler child;
Where in green nook of woodland wild
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine!

Yet, born to bloom and fade,
Thee, too, a lovelier robe arrays
Than e'er in Israel's brightest days
Her wealthiest king array'd.

Of thy twin leaves th' embower'd screen
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green;
Thy Eden-breathing smell;
Thy arch'd and purple-vested stem,
Whence pendant many a pearly gem,
Displays a milk-white bell;

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,
Which sends from earth the ascending shoot,
As rising from the dead,
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
Charg'd thy fair blossoms to produce,
And berries scarlet red.

The triple cell, the two-fold seed,
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,
Whence aye thy race may grow,
As from creation they have grown,
While spring shall weave her flowery crown,
Or vernal breezes blow:—

Who forms thee thus with unseen hand;
Who at creation gave command,
And will'd thee thus to be,

And keeps thee still in being thro'
Age after age revolving, who
But the Great God is He?

Omnipotent to work his will;
Wise, who contrives each part to fill
The post to each assign'd;
Still provident, with sleepless care
To keep; to make the sweet and fair
For man's enjoyment, kind!

"There is no God," the senseless say;—
"O God, why cast'st thou us away?"
Of feeble faith and frail,
The mourner breathes his anxious thought—
By thee a better lesson taught,
Sweet lily of the vale.

Yes! He who made and fosters thee,
In reason's eye perforce must be
Of majesty divine;
Nor deems she that his guardian care
Will He in man's support forbear,
Who thus provides for thine.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CERUS.

How coyly thou the golden hours dost number!
Not all their splendor can thy love beguile;
Vainly the morning zephyrs fan thy slumber,
And noon's rich glory wooes thee for a smile.

For thou dost blossom when cool shadows hover,
And dews are falling through the dusky air;
When with new fervor dreams the happy lover,
And winds grow solemn with the voice of prayer

With all around thee earth's bright things are sleeping,
Gay lilies fade and droops the crimson rose,
Fresh is the vigil thou alone art keeping,
And sweet the charms thy virgin leaves disclose.

Thus, in the soul is deep love ever hidden,
Thus noble minds will ever shun the throng,
And at their chosen time start forth unbidden,
With peerless valor or undying song.

Thus the true heart its mystic leaves concealing,
Folds them serenely from the world's broad glare,
Its treasured bliss and inmost grief revealing
To the calm starlight and the dewy air.

Blest is thy lesson, vestal of the flowers—
Not in the sunshine is our whole delight;
Some joys bloom only in love's pensive hours,
And pour their fragrance on the breeze of night.

TO A BLIGHTED BLOSSOM.

AH, blossom blighted, luckless, lone,
Thy fragrance fled, thy beauty gone,
No eye regards thee now.
Like wild weeds on a nameless grave,
Thy melancholy petals wave
Upon thy parent bough.

But late in all thy rich array,
Thou gem'dst the coronal of May,
As Iris gems the skies.
Thy rival sisters shrunk abased,
Whilst bards beside thee paused and gazed
With wonder-stricken eyes.

Why did'st thou droop, thou tender thing,
Ere yet the birds have ceased to sing
Their joyous summer song!
Why did'st thou die, fair flower, while yet
The pearly dew was lingering wet
That should have nursed thee long?

Was it with thee, as oft in life,
Where envy vows eternal strife
With merit's modest chain?

Did malice, with her demon scowl,
Dark lowering, pour her venom foul
Forth on thy morn of fame ?

If sooth imaginations guess,
Thou art not all companionless
In thy dejected state.
Like thee hath many a genius proud
Found Refuge in an early shroud,
Beyond the reach of fate.

Farewell ! no prescient power is mine ;
But should my lot resemble thine,
Should fortune's biting blast
Rave round my dark devoted head.
If conscience here her halo shed,
I'll brave it to the last.

YE ARE NOT MISS'D, FAIR FLOWERS.

Ye are not miss'd, fair flowers, that late were spreading
The summer's glow by fount and breezy grot ;
There falls the dew, its fairy favours shedding,
The leaves dance on, the young birds miss you not

Still plays the sparkle o'er the rippling water,
O lily! whence thy cup of pearl is gone;
The bright wave mourns not for its loveliest daughter,
There is no sorrow in the wind's low tone.

And thou, meek hyacinth! afar is roving
The bee that oft thy trembling bells hath kiss'd,
Cradled ye were, fair flowers! midst all things loving,
A joy to all—yet, yet, ye are not miss'd

Ye, that were born to lend the sunbeam gladness,
And the winds fragrance, wandering where they list!
—Oh! it were breathing words too deep in sadness,
To say—earth's *human* flowers not more are miss'd.

THE ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied.
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then, die; that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair

THE POSIE.

O, LUVE will venture in, where it daurna weel be seen;
O, Luve will venture in, where Wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, amang the woods sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms
without a peer;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in
view,
For it's like a balmy kiss o' her sweet bonnie
mou;
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging
blue;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller
grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o'day;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna
tak away;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star
is near,
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een
sae clear;

The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to
wear;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o'
luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by
a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall
ne'er remuve;
And this shall be a posie to my ain dear May.

FIELD FLOWERS.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis
true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy de-
light,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my
sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing
streams,

And of broken glades breathing their balm;
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine re-
mote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood pigeon's
note
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of
June:
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties
to find,
When the magic of nature first breathed on my
mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Ev'n now what affections the violet awakes:
What lov'd little islands, twice seen in their
lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore;
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy
brooks
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were
dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom.

Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless
stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows
I pluck'd, the garden's pride!
Within the petals of a rose
A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple glowed his cheek, beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded Power,
Nor scared his balmy rest;
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when, unweeting of the guile,
Awoke the prisoner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile,
And stamp'd his fairy feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued the impatient boy;
He gazed, he thrilled with deep delight,
Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

And, "O!" he cried, "of magic kind,
What charms this throne endear!
Some other love let Venus find—
I'll fix my empire here."

ON A FADED VIOLET.

The odour from the flower is gone;
Which, like thy kisses, breathed on me!
The colour from the flower is flown,
Which glow'd of thee, and only thee!

A shrivell'd lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm.
With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not!
I sigh—it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

OH ! wear it on thy heart, my love!
Still, still a little while!
Sweetness is lingering in its leaves,
Though faded be their smile,
Yet for the sake of what hath been,
Oh ! cast it not away !
'Twas born to grace a summer scene,
A long, bright, golden day,
My love!
A long, bright, golden day !

A little while around thee, love!
Its fragrance yet shall cling,
Telling that on thy heart hath lain,
A fair, though faded thing.
But not even that warm heart hath power
To win it back from fate :—
Oh! I am like thy broken flower,
Cherished too late, too late,
My love !
Cherished, alas! too late!

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair!" saith he;
"Have nought but the bearded grain!
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord hath need of these flowrets gay,"
The Reapear said and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave in tears and pain,
  The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
  In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
  The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
  And took the flowers away.

THE COWSLIP.

BOWING adorers of the gale,
Ye cowslips delicately pale,
  Upraise your loaded stems:
Unfold your cups of splendour, speak!
Who deck'd you with that ruddy streak,
  And gilt your golden gems?

Ye lovely flowers of lowly birth,
Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
  That stud the velvet sod;
Open to Spring's refreshing air,
In sweetest smiling bloom declare
  Your Maker and your God.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here,
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but he who arched the skies,
And pours the day spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cup the gold-embossed gem
That's set in silver gleams within?

And fling it unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God!

THE DAFFODIL.

Fair Daffodils, to see
You haste away so soon;

As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

THE HAREBELL.

With drooping bells of clearest blue,
Thou didst attract my childish view,
Almost resembling
The azure butterflies that flew,
Where on the heath thy blossoms grew
So lightly trembling.

Where feathery fern, and golden bloom,
Increase the sand-rock cavern's gloom,
I've seen thee tangled,
'Mid tufts of purple heather bloom,
By vain Arachne's treacherous loom,
With dew-drops spangled.

'Mid ruins tumbling to decay,
Thy flowers their heavenly hues display,
Still freshly springing
Where pride and pomp have pass'd away,
On mossy tomb and turret grey,
Like friendship clinging.

When glow-worm lamps illume the scene,
And silvery daisies dot the green,
Thy flowers revealing;
Perchance to soothe the fairy-queen,
With faint sweet tones, on night serene,
Thy soft bells pealing.

But most I love thine azure braid,
When softer flowers are all decayed,
And thou appearest
Stealing beneath the hedgerow shade,
Like joys that linger as they fade,
Whose last are dearest.

Thou art the flower of memory;
The pensive soul recalls in thee

The year's past pleasures;
And led by kindred thought will flee,
Till back to careless infancy
The path she measures.

Beneath autumnal breezes bleak,
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,
I've seen thee bending;
Pale as the pale blue veins that streak
Consumption's thin transparent cheek,
With death hues blending.

Thou shalt be sorrow's love and mine.
The violet and the eglantine
With spring are banished;
In summer's beam the roses shine;
But I of thee my wreath will twine,
When these are vanished.

TO THE DAISY.

Little flower with starry brow,
Slumbering in thy bed of snow;
Or with lightly tinged ray,
Winter gone and storms away,
Peeping from thy couch of green
With modest head and simple mien;

How I love to see thee lie,
In thy low serenity,
Basking in the gladsome beam;
Or, beside some murmuring stream
Gently bowing from thy nest
Greet the water's silver breast.
Or mid fissure of the rock,
Hidden from the tempest's shock,
Vie with snowy lily's bell—
Queen and fairy of the dell.
Thee nor wind nor storm can tear
From thy lonely mountain lair;
Nor the sleety, sweeping rain,
Root thee from thy native plain.
Winter's cold, nor Summer's heat,
Blights thee in thy snug retreat;
Chill'd by snow or scorch'd by flame,
Thou for ever art the same.
Type of truth, and emblem fair
Of virtue struggling through despair,
Close may sorrows hem it round,
Troubles bend it to the ground;
Yet the soul within is calm,
Dreads no anguish, fears no harm;
Conscious that the Hand which tries
All its latent energies,
Can, with more than equal power,
Bear it through temptation's hour,
Still the conflict, soothe its sighs,
And plant it 'neath congenial skies.

TO PRIMROSES,

FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warp'd, as we
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop, and weep;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no; this sorrow shown

By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read :—
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought
forth."

SWEET LAVENDER.

Sweet lavender ! I love thy flower
Of meek and modest blue,
Which meets the morn and evening hour,
The storm, the sunshine, and the shower,
And changeth not its hue.

In cottage-maid's parterre thou'rt seen,
In simple touching grace;
And in the garden of the queen,
'Midst costly plants and blossoms sheen,
Thou also hast a place.

The rose, with bright, and peerless bloom,
Attracted many eyes;
But while *her* glories and perfume
Expire before brief summer's doom,
Thy fragrance never dies.

Thou art not like the fickle train,
Our adverse fates estrange;

Who, in the day of grief and pain,
Are found deceitful, light and vain,
For thou dost never change.

But thou art emblem of the friend,
Who, whatsoe'er our lot,
The balm of faithful love will lend,
And true, and constant to the end,
May die, but alters not.

THE GIRL AND THE BLOSSOMS

When apple-trees in spring were gay,
With many a rosy blossom,
A damsel plucked them every day
To deck her hair and bosom.

She wove her wreaths in sport alone,
Or vain profusion rather,
Till all the gifts of May were gone,
And there was none to gather.

But Time, who sleeps not though he's mute,
At length brought on the season
When blossoms are exchanged for fruit
Which all expect with reason.

But when the careless maiden thought
  To share the autumn treasure,
The trees produced not what she sought,
  Which filled her with displeasure.

The gardener marked her vain pursuit
  Among the orchard bowers,
And cried, "if you expected fruit,
  Why did you pluck the flowers?"

THE EVERLASTING ROSE.

HAIL to thy hues, thou lovely flower!
  Still shed around thy soft perfume;
Still smile amid the wint'ry hour;
  And boast e'en now a spring-tide bloom.

Thine is, methinks, a pleasant dream,
  Long lingering in the icy vale,
Of smiles that hail'd the morning beam,
  And sighs more sweet for evening's gale!

Still are thy green leaves whispering
  Low sounds to Fancy's ear that tell
Of mornings, when the wild bee's wing
  Shook dew-drops from thy sparkling cell.

In April's bower thy sweets are breathed,
And June beholds thy blossoms fair;
In Autumn's chaplets thou art wreathed,
And round December's forehead bare.

With thee the graceful lily vied,
As summer breezes waved her head;
And now the snowdrop at thy side
Meekly contrasts thy cheerful red.

'Tis thine to hear each varying voice,
That marks the seasons sad or gay;
The summer thrush bids thee rejoice,
And wintry robin's dearer lay.

Sweet flower! how happy dost thou seem,
'Mid parching heat, 'mid nipping frost;
While gathering beauty from each beam,
No hue, no grace of thine is lost!

Thus Hope, 'mid life's severest days,
Still smiles, still triumphs o'er despair;
Alike she lives in Pleasure's rays,
And cold Affection's wintry air.

Charmer, alike in lordly bower,
And in the hermit's cells she glows;
The Poet's and the Lover's flower,
The bosom's Everlasting Rose!

THE LOVER'S WREATH.

WITH tender vine-leaves wreathe thy brow,
And I shall fancy that I see
In the bright eye that shines below,
The dark grape on its parent tree;
'Tis but a whim, but oh! entwine
My leafy crown round thy brow divine.

Weave of the clover-leaves a wreath,
Fresh sparkling with an April shower,
And I shall think my fair one's breath
Is but the fragrance of the flower;
'Tis but a whim, but oh! do thou
Entwine my wreath round thy blushing brow.

Oh! let sweet-leaved Geranium be
Entwined amidst thy clustering hair,
Whilst thy red lips shall paint to me
How bright its scarlet blossoms are;
'Tis but a whim, but oh! do thou
Crown with my wreath thy lovely brow.

Oh! twine green rose-leaves round thy head,
And I shall dream the flowers are there,
The moss-rose on thy rich cheek spread,
The white upon thy forehead fair:
'Tis but a whim, but oh! entwine
My wreath round that dear brow of thine.

THE VIOLET.

A VIOLET blossomed on the green,
With lowly stem, and bloom unseen;
It was a sweet, wee flower.
A shepherd maiden came that way
With lightsome step, and aspect gay,
Came near, came near,
Came o'er the green with song.

Ah ! thought the violet, might I be
The fairest flower on all the lea,
Ah ! but for one brief hour;
And might be pluck'd by that dear maid,
And gently on her bosom laid,
Ah but, ah but,
A few dear moments long.

Alas ! the maiden, as she pass'd,
No eye upon the violet cast;
She crush'd the poor, wee flower;
It sank, and dying, heaved no sigh,
And if I die, at least I die
By her, by her,
Beneath her feet I die.

THE YOUNG MAID AND THE FLOWER.

THE coffin descends ! and the garland of roses,
By a father's hand dropped, on its lid reposes,
To the bridegroom death a dower !
Earth ! open thy arms, and take to thy bosom
These twinlings of beauty, cut off in their blossom
The fair young maid, and the flower !

Ah ! give them not back to this impure dwelling,
Where sorrow and pain have power of quelling
The bliss of man in an hour !
No storm shall blast them, when laid in thy keeping,
Heat shall not scorch them, noise break not their sleeping—
The fair young maid and the flower !

How brief was thy span of enjoyment, poor maiden !
But yet the dark future, with care and grief laden
For others, thy peace cannot sour !
Oh, night ! shed thy dews for their grave-turf's adorning,
Their life was a short and a sweet summer's morning—
The fair young maid and the flower !

THE ROSE-BUD.

I WISH the bud would never blow,
'Tis prettier and purer so;
It blushes through its bower of green,
And peeps above the mossy screen
 So timidly, I cannot bear
 To have it open to the air.
I kissed it o'er and o'er again,
As if my kisses were a chain,
To close the quivering leaflets fast,
And make for once—a rosebud last!
But kisses are but feeble links
For changeful things, like flowers, methinks:—
The wayward rose-leaves one by one,
Uncurl'd and look'd up to the sun,
With their sweet flushes fainter growing,
I could not keep my bud from blowing!
Ah! there upon my hand it lay,
And faded, faded fast away;
You might have thought you heard it sighing,
It looked so mournfully in dying.
I wish it were a rose-bud now,
 I wish 'twere only hiding yet,
With timid grace its blushing brow,
 Behind the green that sheltered it;
I had not written were it so,
Why would the silly rose-bud blow?

THE FADING ROSE.

THE Rose, the sweetly blooming rose,
E'er from the tree it's torn,
Is like the charms which Beauty shows,
In life's exulting morn.

But oh! how soon its sweets are gone,
How soon it withering lies!
So when the eve of life comes on,
Sweet Beauty fades and dies.

Then, since the fairest form that's made,
Soon withering we shall find,
Let us possess what ne'er will fade,
The beauty of the mind.

TO A FADED PRIMROSE.

WELL do I love to look on thee, thou sweet and simple flower,
Thy beauty oft hath cheer'd my heart in sorrow's pensive hour;
And now with moisten'd eye I mark thy glowing tints decay,
And sigh to think that aught I love so soon should pass away.

Thou wert an early favourite—in boyhood's happy
days
I loved to haunt the spot were thou thy modest
head did raise;
And watch with passionate delight thy small leaves
brightly bloom,
Which breathed on every passing breeze their de-
licate perfume.

In manhood's ripened years, sweet flower, thou art
beloved still,
And fondly sought for as of yore, by rivulet and
rill—
And often in my wanderings, by mead and flowery
lea,
Array'd in glittering dew-drops bright thy well-
known form I see.

O! beautiful exceedingly, is thy last lingering
look,
Which seems to bid a sad "farewell" to valley,
hill, and brook;
And did not shades of doubt and fear upon my
spirit lie,
Like thee, lone flower, I'd tranquilly breathe out
my latest sigh.

THE FLOWER "FORGET-ME-NOT."

DEAREST of all the flowers that gaily gleam,
In garden, field, or on the green hill's breast,
For link'd with thee does fond remembrance seem,
With gentle memories round thy stem to rest!

Some absent friend, in fancy hovers near,
Some form, o'er dale and hill divided far,
"Forget-me-not!" in distant tones we hear,
Oh vain such prayers and parting wishes are!

Yet still, forget-me-not! when moonlight sleeps,
On garden walks where we together stray'd,
When twilight dews, each gentle floweret weeps,
And stars are gleaming o'er the shadowy glade.

Forget-me-not! when midnight gales are high,
When voices seem to whisper faint and low,
When clouds career along the autumn sky,
And winds are tossing wide the poplar bough.

Forget-me-not! when morning breaks serene,
When modest spring her dewy garland wears,
Forget-me-not!—when deck'd in summer sheen,
With flowers all gay, thy peaceful home appears!

And think on me ! in the calm holy hour,
Devotion's own, when thou in prayer art bend ing,
On thee may heaven its every blessing shower,
Still let our prayers, tho' absent, thus be blending !

THE IVY-SONG.

Oh ! how could fancy crown with thee
In ancient days the god of wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine !
Ivy ! thy home is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song and beaker once went round,
But now are known no more.
Where long-fallen gods recline,
There the place is thine.

The Roman, on his battle plains
Where kings before his eagles bent,
With thee, amidst exulting strains,
Shadow'd the victor's tent ;
Though shining there in deathless green,
Triumphally thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lovest the silent scene
Around the victor's grave.

Urn and sculpture half-divine,
Yield their place to thine.

The cold halls of the regal dead,
Where lone the Italian sunbeams dwell,
Where hollow sounds the lightest tread—
Ivy they know thee well!
And far above the festal vine,
Thou wavest where once proud banners hung,
Where mouldering turrets crest the Rhine,
The Rhine, still fresh and young!
Tower and rampart o'er the Rhine,
Ivy, all are thine!

High from the fields of air look down
Those eyries of a vanished race,
Where harp, and battle, and renown,
Have passed and left no trace.
But thou art there serenely bright,
Meeting the mountain storms with bloom,
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
Or crown the lowliest tomb!
Ivy, Ivy! all are thine,
Palace, hearth, and shrine.

'Tis all the same; our pilgrim tread
O'er classic plains, through deserts free,
On the mute path of ages fled,
Still meets decay and thee.

And still let man his fabrics rear,
August in beauty, stern in power,
Days past—thou Ivy never sere!
And thou shalt have thy dower.
All are thine, or must be thine!
Temple, pillar, shrine!

THE COWSLIP.

Now, in my walk, with sweet surprise,
I see the first spring cowslip rise,
The plant whose pensile flowers
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,
In sunshine as in showers.

Low on a mossy bank it grew,
Where lichens purple, red and blue,
Among the verdure crept;
Its yellow ringlets dropping dew,
The breezes lightly swept.

A bee had nestled on its bloom,
He shook abroad their rich perfume,
Then fled in airy rings;
His place a butterfly assumes,
Glancing his glorious wings.

Oh ! welcome ! as a friend ! I cried,
A friend through many a season tried,
And never sought in vain,
When May, with Flora at her side,
Is dancing on the plain.

Sheltered by Nature's graceful hand
In briery glens, o'er pasture land
The fairy tribes we meet,
Gay, in the milk-maid's path they stand,
They kiss her tripping feet.

From winter's farm-yard bondage freed,
The cattle bounding o'er the mead,
Where green the herbage grows,
Among thy fragrant blossoms feed,
Upon thy tufts repose.

Tossing his fore-lock o'er his mane,
The foal, at rest upon the plain,
Sports with thy flexile stalk:
Yet stoops his little neck in vain
To crop it in his walk.

Where thick thy primrose blossoms play,
Lovely and innocent as they,
O'er coppice, lawns and dells,
In bands the village children stray
To pluck thy honied bells;

Whose simple sweets with curious skill
The frugal cottage dames distil,
Nor envy France the vine;
While many a festal cup they fill
Of Britain's homely wine.

Perhaps from nature's earliest May,
Imperishable 'midst decay,
Thy self-renewing race
Have breathed their balmy lives away,
In this neglected place.

And oh! till nature's final doom
Here unmolested may they bloom,
From scythe and plough secure;
This bank their cradle and their tomb,
While earth and skies endure!

THE WILD FLOWER.

Sweet wilding tufts that 'mid the waste,
Your lowly buds expand:
Though by no sheltering walls embraced,
Nor trained by beauty's hand;

The primal flowers which grace your stems
Bright as the dahlia's shine,
Found thus like unexpected gems,
To lonely hearts like mine.

'Tis a quaint thought, and yet, perchance,
Sweet blossoms, ye are sprung
From flowers that over Eden once
Their pristine fragrance flung;—

They drank the dews of Paradise,
Beneath the starlight clear;
Or caught from Eve's dejected eyes
Her first repentant tear.

LINES SENT WITH A "FORGET-ME-NOT."

EMBLEM of my Fanny's eye,
Dyed with empyrean hue,
Bright as heaven's sunshine sky,
Divinely, beautifully blue.

Emblem of my Fanny's mind,
Resplendent, modest, rich and pure,
Like that brilliant gem we find
All radiant, though at first obscure.

Emblem of my Fanny's heart,
But what to that can I compare?
All that heaven could impart
Of woman's worth, is perfect there.

Go, lovely flower! to Fanny go!
And tell her absence ne'er can blot
From mem'ry her loved image—no!
And, flower, bid her "forget-me-not!"

OH! THE FLOWERY MONTH OF JUNE.

Oh! the flowery month of June again I hail as summer's queen;
The hills and valleys sing in joy, and all the woods are green;
The streamlets flow in gladsome song, the birds are all in tune,
And nature smiles in summer pride, in the flowery month of June!

There's music in the laughing sky, and balm upon the air;
The earth is stamped with loveliness, and all around is fair;
There's glory on the mountain top, and gladness on the plain;
The flowers wake from their wintry bed, and blush in bloom again!

Oh! the flowery month of June! my heart is bounding wild and free,
As with a fond and longing look I gaze once more on thee!

With all thy thousand spangling gems—a bright and blessed boon—
That come to cheer and welcome in the flowery month of June!

The lark hath sought an upward home, far in the dewy air;
While lowly by the rose's cheek, the blackbird's singing there;
Or in its leafy bowers unseen, the thrush bursts forth in song—
A low and pleasing melody the woods and dells among!

Oh! the flowery month of June; ah! me, where are the fond ones fled?
No spring comes for the parted friends, nor summer to the dead;
I miss them at the calm of eve, or sunny hour of noon;
Nor morning songs awake the dead in the flowery month of June!

THE WEE FLOWER.

A BONNIE wee flower grew green in the wuds,
Like a twinkling wee star amang the cluds;

And the langer it leevit, the greener it grew,
For 'twas lulled by the winds, and fed by the dew.
Oh, fresh was the air where it reared its head,
Wi' the radiance and odours its young leaves shed.

When the morning rose frae his eastern ha'
This bonnie wee flower was the earliest of a'
To open its cups sealed up in the dew,
And spread out its leaves o' the yellow and blue.

When the winds were still, and the sun rode high,
And the clear mountain stream ran wimplin' by,
When the wee birds sang, and the wilderness bee
Was floating awa' like a clud ower the sea;
This bonnie wee flower was blooming unseen—
The sweet child of summer—in its rokely green.

And when the clud grew dark on the plain,
When the stars were out and the moon in the wane,
When the bird and the bee had gane to rest,
And the dews of the night the green earth press'd;
This bonnie wee flower lay smiling asleep,
Like a beautiful pearl in the dark green deep.

And when Autumn came, and the summer had pass'd,
And the wan leaves were strewn on the swirling blast,

This bonnie wee flower grew naked and bare,
And its wee leaves shrank in the frozen air;
Wild darnel and nettle sprang rank from the ground,
But the rose and white lilies were dropping around;
And this bonnie blue flower hung down its wee head,
And the bright morning sun flung his beams on its bed,
And the pale stars look'd forth—but the wee flower was dead.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

THOSE few pale Autumn flowers!
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why?—They are the *last*—
The last!—the last!—the last!
O, by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirred!
That sister of the past!

Pale flowers!—Pale perishing flowers!
Ye're types of precious things;

Types of those bitter moments,
That flit like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones
(That time the fastest spends),
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words, half uttered,
Last looks of dying friends!

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day:
The last day spent with one,
Who, ere the morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye?

O, precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers! ye 're types of those—
The saddest! sweetest! dearest!
Because, like those, the nearest
Is an eternal close.

Pale flowers!—Pale perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath;
I leave the summer rose—
For younger, blither brows,
Tell me of change and death!

TO THE SNOWDROP.

BENEATH the changeful skies of early spring
Emblem of human life, and frail as fair,
Pale visitant of earth,
I mark thy modest bloom.

Herald of brighter scenes and calmer joys,
When the sweet lark, enamoured of the dawn,
Above the cottage roof
Shall pour his melting lay;

Though surly Winter passing from the plain
Reluctant with his storms (while, rude and wild,
Stern desolation marks
His long and lonely track),

Oft wraps thy beauty in a wreath of snow,
And gems with icicles that faintly shine
Below with imaged beam
Thy cold but lovely brow;

I see thee smile like innocence at fate,
Beneath his idle rage and parting storms,
Secure of happier hours
And skies without a cloud.

So Piety, upheld by faith and hope,
Endures serene the passing storms of life.
With eye intent on Heaven,
And thought already there.

HEART'S EASE.

I USED to love thee, simple flower,
To love thee dearly, when a boy;
For thou didst seem, in childhood's hour,
The smiling type of childhood's joy.

But now thou only mock'st my grief
By waking thoughts of pleasure fled;
Give me—give me the withered leaf,
That falls on Autumn's bosom dead.

For that ne'er tells of what has been,
But warns me what I soon shall be;
It looks not back on pleasure's scene,
But points unto futurity.

I love thee not, thou simple flower,
For thou art gay and I am lone:
Thy beauty died with childhood's hour—
The *Heart's-ease* from my path is gone.

THE LILY.

THE stream with languid murmur creeps
 In Lumin's flowery vale:
Beneath the dew the lily weeps,
 Slow waving to the gale.

"Cease, restless gale!" it seems to say,
 "Nor wake me with thy sighing!
The honours of my vernal day
 On rapid wings are flying.

"To-morrow shall the traveller come,
 Who late beheld me blooming;
His searching eye shall vainly roam
 The dreary vale of Lumin."

O, BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

O, BONNIE was yon rosy brier
 That blooms so far frae haunt o' man;
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
 It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How pure amang the leaves sae green;

But purer far the lover's vow
They witnessed in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
The crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is a far sweeter flower,
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and whimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms be mine;
And I, the world nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

The wall-flower—the wall-flower,
How beautiful it blooms!
It gleams above the ruined tower,
Like sunlight over tombs;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of Time;
To beauty give the flaunting rose,
The wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place!
Grey Ruin's golden crown!
That lendest melancholy grace
To haunts of old renown;

Thou mantlest o'er the battlement
  By strife or storm decayed;
And fillest up each envious rent
  Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Thy roots outspread the ramparts o'er,
  Where, in war's stormy day,
The Douglasses stood forth of yore,
  In battle's grim array:
The clangour of the field is fled,
  The beacon on the hill
No more through midnight blazes red—
  But thou art blooming still!

Whither hath fled the choral band
  That filled the Abbey's nave?
Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
  O'er many a level grave;
In the belfry's crevices the dove
  Her young brood nurseth well,
Whilst thou, lone flower, dost shed above
  A sweet decaying smell.

In the season of the tulip cup,
  When blossoms clothe the trees,
How sweet to throw the lattice up,
  And scent thee on the breeze!
The butterfly is then abroad,
  The bee is on the wing,
And on the hawthorn by the road
  The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet wall-flower, sweet wall-flower!
  Thou conjurest up to me
Full many a soft and sunny hour
  Of boyhood's thoughtless glee,
When joy from out the daisies grew,
  In woodland pastures green,
And summer skies were far more blue,
  Than since they e'er have been.

Now autumn's pensive voice is heard
  Amid the yellow bowers,
The robin is the regal bird,
  And thou the Queen of Flowers!
He sings on the laburnum trees,
  Amid the twilight dim,
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze
  Such scents as thou to him.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
  The rose is summer's guest;
Bland are thy charms when these decay,
  Of flowers, first, last, and best!
There may be gaudier on the bower,
  And statelier on the tree,
But wall-flower, loved wall-flower,
  Thou art the flower for me!

THE CYPRUS.

Thou graceful tree,
With thy green branches drooping,
As to yon blue heaven stooping
In meek humility;

Like one who patient grieves,
When winds are o'er thee sweeping,
Thou answerest but by weeping;
While tear-like fall thy leaves,

When summer flowers have birth,
And the sun is o'er thee shining;
Yet with thy slight bows declining,
Still thou seekest the earth.

Thy leaves are ever green:
When other trees are changing,
With the seasons o'er them ranging;
Thou art still as thou hast been.

It is not just to thee,
For painter or bard to borrow
Thy emblem as that of Sorrow;
Thou art more like Piety.

Thou wert made to wave,
Patient when Winter winds rave o'er thee.
Lowly when Summer suns restore thee,
Upon thy martyr's grave.

Like that martyr thou hast given
A lesson of faith and meekness,
Of patient strength in weakness,
And trust in Heaven!

THE PASSION FLOWER.

All beauteous flower! whose centre glows
With studs of gold; thence streaming flows
Ray-like effulgence; next is seen
A rich expanse of varying hue,
Enfring'd with an empurpl'd blue,
And streak'd with young Pomona's green.

High o'er the pointal deck'd with gold,
(Emblem mysterious to behold!)
A radiant cross its form expands;
Its opening arms appear t' embrace
The whole collective human race,
Refuge of all men, in all lands.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

WHITE bud! that in meek beauty so dost lean,
The cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
Thou seemest beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,
An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud! thou'rt emblem of a livelier thing,—
The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven, the holy fragrace of its tears.

TO A DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield.
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moon and stars their courses run,

Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on its way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends his purple stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page.—In every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,

It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer's reign,
The Daisy never dies.

AN APRIL DAY.

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Now dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and coloured wings

Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver wood with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollow of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

TO THE EVENING OR TREE PRIMROSE.

FAIR flower, that shun'st the glare of day
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of sober gray,
Thy cup of paly gold;

Be thine the offering, owing long
To thee, and to this pensive hour,
Of one brief tributary song,
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch at silent eve,
Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light,
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty greet the night breeze chill,
And shine 'mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

For such 'tis sweet to think the while,
When cares and griefs the breast invade.
Is friendship's animating smile,
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth like thy pale cup,
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirits up,
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,
If meek religion's eye may trace,
Even in thy glimm'ring earth-born star,
The holier hope of grace.

The hope that as thy beauteous bloom,
Expands to glad the close of day;
So through the shadows of the tomb,
May break forth Mercy's ray.

THE DAISY.

Meek and modest little flower,
Simplest offering of the hour,
Blooming in obscurest shade,
Or the sun-lit verdant glade;
On the rock, or in the dell,
Forest walk, or woodland fell;
Ever easy in thy lot,
And content to be forgot.
'Mid thy sisters' fairer bloom,
Or their rich and rare perfume,

Happy still with heavenward gaze
To display thy star-like rays.
Storms may gather in the skies,
Tempests roar and whirlwinds rise,
Showers descend in fearful train,
Hail and sleet sweep o'er the plain,
Sunbeams parch thy gentle head,
Or the snow around thee spread,
Still contented thou art found,
Patient 'neath the conflict round;
By thy meekness freed from harm.
Waiting for the coming calm.

Type and emblem thou mayst be
Of that rare simplicity,
Which in every Christian's mind
Should its place of resting find,
Mingling with its scorn of state,
Meekness to the rich and great,
Patience 'midst severest woes,
Kindness e'en to sternest foes,
Faith to rest on in the way,
Hope to lend its cheering ray,
And Charity, that gentle guest,
Whose temple is the good man's breast.

Such the sermon—meanest things
Preach to subjects or to kings;
Such the lesson thou may'st meet
In the daisy at thy feet.

ELEGIAC.

The flowers I strew upon thy grave,
Are wet with many a sorrowing tear,
Alas ! they had not power to save
Thy head from resting here !

Their fragrance here they sweetly shed,
And seem their gentle heads to bow,
And weep upon the narrow bed
Where low thou liest now.

I can but weep to see them bloom
At morning still so freshly fair,
At evening withering on thy tomb ;
Whilst I who placed them there

Can read thy emblem in their doom,—
So pure—so loved—so early lost—
Departing in life's brightest bloom
Ere grief thy heart had crost !

I turn away with many a sigh,
For here there breathes some holy spell :
Too prized to live—too loved to die—
How can I say farewell !

TO A WILD ROSE.

OH, floweret wild!
  Drooping with many a glittering tear,
The Summer's most beloved child,
  Thou'rt welcome here!
I speak not of thy shadowy bloom
  Which gleaming mid the leaves we see,
Nor of thy soft and rich perfume,
  Sweet though it be:—
Thou hast a spell,
  A charm far dearer to my heart,
The power of days long past to tell,—
  Of hopes that would depart!
Yes! gazing on thee now,
  Those scenes beloved can memory draw,
When simple childhood's hat of straw
  Shaded my careless brow:
And round it clustered many a wreath
  Of blossoms wild and sweet as thou,
And lighter was the heart beneath
  Than it is now.—
But pass we that,—no thought of grief
  Thy flowers unto my bosom bring,
But hallowed is each fragrant leaf
  With dreams of hope and spring.

Thou bring'st me back the time
  When I would pause from morn till even
To hear the sweet bell's distant chime,
  Like melody from Heaven.
I gaze,—thou art no more a flower,
  But some bright scene of early youth,
The wild wood-side—a summer bower—
  All clear and pure as truth!

FLOWERS FOR THE BEE.

Come, honey-bee, with thy busy hum,
To the fragrant tufts of the wild thyme come.
And sip the sweet dew from the cowslip's head,
From the lily's bell and the violet's bed.
    Come, honey-bee,
    There is spread for thee
  A rich repast in wood and field,
    And a thousand flowers
    Within our bowers
  To thee their nectar'd essence yield.

Come, honey-bee, to our woodlands come,
There's a lesson for us in thy busy hum;
Thou hast treasures in store in the hawthorn's
  wreath,
In the golden broom and the purple heath;

And flowers less fair,
That scent the air,
Like pleasant friends drop balm for thee,
And thou winnest spoil,
By thy daily toil,
Thou patient, thrifty, and diligent bee.

We may learn from the bee the wise man's lore,
"The hand of the diligent gathereth store."
He plies in his calling from morn till night
Nor tires of his labour nor flags in his flight;
From numberless blossoms of every hue,
He gathers the nectar and sips the dew.
Then homeward he speeds
O'er the fragrant meads,
And he hums as he goes his thankful lay—
Let our thanks too arise
For our daily supplies,
As homeward and heavenward we haste on our way.

THE WINTER ROSE.

The soft blooms of Summer are faint to the eye
Where brightly the gay silver Medway glides by;
And rich are the colours which Autumn adorn,
Its gold chequer'd leaves, and its billows of corn.

But dearest to me is the pale lonely *Rose*,
Whose blossoms in Winter's dark season unclose
Which smile in the rigour of Winter's stern blast,
And smooth the rough present by sighs of the
past.

And thus, when around us affliction's dark power
Eclipses the sunshine of life's flowing hour,
While drooping, deserted, in sorrow we bend,
O! sweet is the presence of *one* faithful friend.

The crowds that smiled on us when gladness was
ours,
Are Summer's bright blossom which Autumn de-
vours;
But the friend on whose breast we in sorrow repose,
That friend is the Winter's lone, beautiful rose.

THE VOICE OF THE FLOWERS.

Blossoms that lowly bend,
Shutting your leaves from evening's chilly dew,
While your rich odours heavily ascend.
The flitting winds to woo.

I walk at silent eve,
When scarce a breath is in the garden bowers,
And many a vision and wild fancy weave,
Midst you, ye lovely flowers;

Beneath the cool green boughs,
And perfumed bells of the fresh blossomed lime,
That stoop and gently touch my feverish brow,
Fresh in their summer prime;

Or in the mossy dell,
Where the pale primrose trembles at a breath;
Or where the lily by the silent well,
Beholds her form beneath;

Or where the rich queen-rose
Sits throned and blushing, 'midst her leaves and moss:
Or where the wind-flower, pale and fragile, blows,
Or violets' banks emboss.

Here do I love to be,—
Mine eye alone in passionate love to dwell
Upon the loveliness and purity
Of every bud and bell,

Oh blessedness, to lie
By the clear brook, where the long-bennet dips!
To press the rose-bud in its purity
Unto the burning lips!

To lay the weary head
Upon the bank, with daisies all beset,
Or with bare feet, at early dawn to tread
O'er mosses cool and wet!

And then to sit at noon,
When bees are humming low, and birds are still,
And drowsy is the faint uncertain tone
Of the swift woodland rill.

And dreams can then reveal
That, wordless though ye be, ye have a tone,
A language, and a power, that I may feel,
Thrilling my spirit lone.

Ye speak of hope and love,
Bright as your hues, and vague as your perfume;
Of changeful, fragile thoughts, that brightly move
Men's hearts amid their gloom.

Ye speak of human life,
Its mystery,—the beautiful and brief;
Its sudden fading, 'midst the tempest strife,
Even as a delicate leaf.

And, more than all, ye speak
Of might and power, of mercy, of the One
Eternal, who hath strewed you fair and meek,
To glisten in the sun;

To gladden all the earth
With bright and beauteous emblems of his grace,
That showers its gift of uncomputed worth
In every clime and place.

TO A PRIMROSE IN A CHURCHYARD.

SWEET exile of the hills!
What dost thou here?
Far from thy native rills,
And fountains clear!
Why is thy young perfume—
Thy star-like bell
Beside the silent tomb
Condemned to dwell?

Oh! surely thou dost love
The tall tree's shade,—
The thickly foliaged grove,—
The dewy glade:—
The bank whereon the bee
At noon reposes,
Amid the luxury
Of Summer Roses!

And, here no sheltering bower
A curtain weaves
To blend in beauty o'er
Thy tender leaves;
No drooping Violet
Expands in glee
Its purple coronet
To welcome thee!

Yet thou dost brightly bloom,
When all around
Breathes of sepulchral gloom,
And grief profound;—
Like to some sunny gleam
In life's dark sky,
Or a remembered dream
Of bliss gone by!

TO A CROCUS,

BLOSSOMING BENEATH A WALL-FLOWER.

WELCOME, wild harbinger of spring!
To this small nook of earth;
Feeling and fancy fondly cling
Round thoughts which owe their birth
To thee, and to the humble spot
Where chance has fixed thy lowly lot.

To thee,—for thy rich golden bloom,
Like heaven's fair bow on high,
Portends, amid surrounding gloom,
That brighter hours draw nigh,
When blossoms of more varied dyes,
Shall ope their tints to warmer skies.

Yet not the lily, nor the rose,
  Though fairer far they be,
Can more delightful thoughts disclose
  Than I derive from thee :
The eye their beauty may prefer ;
The heart is thy interpreter !

Methinks in thy fair flower is seen,
  By those whose fancies roam,
An emblem of that leaf of green
  The faithful dove brought home,
When o'er the world of waters dark,
Were driven the inmates of the ark.

That leaf betokened freedom nigh
  To mournful captives there ;
Thy flower foretells a sunnier sky,
  And chides the dark despair,
By winter's chilling influence flung
O'er spirits sunk, and nerves unstrung.

And sweetly has kind Nature's hand
  Assigned thy dwelling-place
Beneath a flower whose blooms expand,
  With fond congenial grace,
On many a desolated pile,
Brightening decay with beauty's smile.

Thine is the flower of Hope, whose hue
  Is bright with coming joy ;

The wall-flower's that of Faith, too true
For ruin to destroy;—
And where, Oh! where should Hope up-spring
But under Faith's protecting wing?

THE ROSE-BUD AND EMBLEM.

I SAW a rose with colours bright,
Blooming on its mossy stem,
It seem'd to me in blushing pride
Earth's fairest gem.

Its fragrance fill'd the balmy air,
Its beauty pleased the passing eye;
Ah! who could think so fair a thing
Must fade and die?

It had been nursed with gentle care,
The sun had lent its glad'ning power,
Its leaves unfolded to receive
The ambrosial shower.

But soon an angry storm arose,
The sun withdrew its genial ray;
I look'd and saw the once fair flower
Had pass'd away!

And is it thus? I said, and sigh'd;
Must things so lovely meet decay?
Ah, yes! and are not human flowers
As frail as they?

See yon fair child with laughing eye,
Unmark'd by care that cherub face;
But ere the morrow he may lie
In death's embrace.

And that brave youth, whose manly form
Would seem the tyrant to defy,
The stamp of death is on his brow;
He too must die.

'Tis even so, the brave, the fair,
The opening bud, the full blown flower,
Alike may wither, fade, and die
In one short hour.

Our hope is like this beauteous bud,
Which seem'd to be the garden's pride,
And lov'd ones, like the fragile thing,
Have drooped and died.

But as the wither'd rose-leaves yield
Sweet perfume when their beauty's fled,
So let our virtues ever live,
When we are dead.

GORSE.

Emblem—Anger.

MARMION BIDDING ADIEU TO DOUGLAS.

THE train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither at your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone,—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek with fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!"—he said,
"An 'twere not for thy hoary head,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And Douglas, more, I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near;
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee—thou'rt defied!
And, if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth:—"And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by St. Bryde of Bothwell, no!—
drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung,
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending, razed his plume.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

Emblem—Beauty and Purity.

The nymph must lose her female friend
If more admired than she;
But where will fierce contention end,
If flowers can disagree?

Within the garden's peaceful scene
Appeared two lovely foes,
Aspiring to the rank of queen—
The Lily and the Rose.

The Rose soon reddened into rage,
And swelling with disdain,
Appeal'd to many a poet's page
To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,
A fair imperial flower;

She seem'd designed for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate
The goddess chanced to hear,
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
The pride of the parterre.

Yours is, she said, the nobler hue,
And yours the statelier mien,
And, till a third surpasses you,
Let each be deemed a queen.

Thus sooth'd and reconcil'd, each seeks
The fairest British fair;
The seat of empire is her cheeks—
They reign united there.

STREW ODOROUS FLOWERS.

Strew odorous flowers upon the bed of death,
Cull ye the fairest from the greenest fields;
The primrose, with its perfume-yielding breath
The loveliest fragrancies that Nature yields;
Sweet to the sweets" be given, nor forget—
or such was she,—the shrinking violet.

Place one white rose upon that whiter brow,—
The rosemary, within that stone-cold hand;
And on that breast, so chill and moveless now,
Scatter some wild flowers of her native land;
Yea, by Affection be the loveliest given,
To her now blooming in her native Heaven.

Silence in that death-chamber!—the deep hush
Of sentient minds above what once was Life.
Crushed are all earthly hopes, which used to rush
With dark despair, in eager, anxious strife.
Life's dream is over, the belov'd is clay;
Godward the unchained soul hath pass'd away.

Gone is the lov'd, the lovely! Sad the grief
For her who ne'er before gave cause for tears;
Her earthly pilgrimage hath been but brief—
God claimed his own in her Youth's gentle years,
Wafting her spirit to yon starry skies,
Ere Care could vex, or Sorrow dim her eyes.

THE VIOLET'S SPRING SONG.

Under the hedge all safe and warm,
Sheltered from boisterous wind and storm,
We violets lie;
With each small eye
Closely shut while the cold goes by,

You look at the bank, 'mid the biting frost,
And you sigh and say that we're dead and lost;
But, lady, stay,
For a sunny day,
And you'll find us again alive and gay.

On mossy banks, under forest trees,
You'll find us crowding, in days like these;
Purple and blue,
And white ones too,
Peep at the sun, and wait for you.

By maids and matrons, by old and young,
By rich and poor our praise is sung;
And the blind man sighs
When his sightless eyes
He turns to the spot where our perfumes rise.

There is not a garden country through,
Where they plant not violets white and blue;
By princely hall,
And cottage small—
For we're sought, and cherished, and cull'd by all.

Yet grand parterres, and stiff-trimmed beds,
But ill become our modest heads;
We'd rather run,
In shadow and sun,
O'er the banks where our merry lives first begun.

There, where the birken bough's silvery shine
Gleams over the hawthorn and frail woodbine,
Moss, deep and green,
Lies thick, between
The plots where we violet-flowers are seen.

And the small gay Celandine's stars of gold
Rise sparkling beside our purple's fold:
Such a regal show
Is rare, I trow,
Save on the banks where violets grow.

SYMPATHY FOR FLOWERS.

Oh! spare the flowers, the fair young flowers,
The free glad gift the summer brings;
Bright children of the sun and showers,
Here do they rise, earth's offerings.
Rich be the dew upon you shed,
Green be the bough that o'er you waves,
Weariless watchers by the dead,
Unblenching dwellers 'midst the graves!

Oh! spare the flowers! their sweet perfume,
Upon the wandering zephyr cast,
And lingering o'er the lowly tomb,
Is like the memory of the past.

They flourish freshly, though beneath
Lie the dark dust and creeping worm,
They speak of Hope, they speak of Faith :
They smile, like rainbows thro' the storm.

Pluck not the flowers—the sacred flowers!
Go where the garden's treasures spread,
Where strange bright blossoms deck the bowers,
And spicy trees their odours shed.
There pluck, if thou delightest, indeed,
To shorten life so brief as theirs,
But here the admonition heed—
A blessing on the hand that spares!

Pluck not the flowers! in days gone by
A beautiful belief was felt,
That fairy spirits of the sky
Amidst the trembling blossoms dwelt.
Perhaps the dead have many a guest
Holier than any that are ours,
Perhaps their guardian angels rest
Enshrined amidst the flowers.

Hast thou no loved one lying low,
No broken reed of earthly trust?
Hast thou not felt the bitter wo
With which we render dust to dust?
Thou hast! and in one cherished spot,
Unseen, unknown to earthly eyes,
Within their heart, the unforgot
Entombed in silent beauty lies.

Memory and Faith, and Love so deep,
No earthly storm can reach it more—
Affection that hath ceased to weep,
These flourish in thy bosom's core.
Spare then the flowers! With gentle tread
Draw near, remembering what thou art,
For blossoms sacred to the dead,
Are ever springing in thy heart.

THE WATER-LILY.

BURTHENED with a cureless sorrow,
Came I to the river deep;
Weary, hopeless of the morrow,
Seeking but a place to weep;
Sparkling onwards, full of gladness,
Each sun-crested wavelet flew,
Mocking my deep-hearted sadness,
Till I sickened at the view.
Then I left the sunshine golden
For the gloomy willow-shade,
Desolate and unbeholden,
There my fainting limbs I laid.
And I saw a water-lily
Resting in its trembling bed,
On the drifting waters chilly,
With its petals white outspread.

Pillowed there, it lays securely,
  Moving with the moving wave,
Up to heaven gazing purely,
  From the river's gloomy grave.
As I look'd a burst of glory,
  Fell upon the snowy flower,
And the lessoned allegory
  Learned I in that blessed hour:—
Thus does Faith, divine, indwelling,
  Bear the soul o'er life's cold stream,
Though the gloomy billows swelling,
  Evermore still darker seem.
Yet the treasure never sinketh,
  Though the waves around it roll,
And the moisture that it drinketh,
  Nurtures, purifies the soul.
Thus aye looking up to Heaven
  Should the white and calm soul be,
Gladden in the sunshine given,
  Nor from clouds shrink fearfully.
So I turned, my weak heart strengthened,
  Patiently to bear my wo;
Praying, as the sorrow lengthened,
  My endurance too might grow.
And my earnest heart's beseeching
  Charmed away the sense of pain;
So the lily's silent teaching
  Was not given to me in vain.

CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
  Bathed in soft airs and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies
  To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay;
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing!—in our last decay,
  Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers:
  As pure, as fragrant, and as fair
As when he crowned the sunshine hours
  Of happy wanderers there.
Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stained with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
  What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while,
  Your first and perfect form ye show!
The same that won Eve's matron smile
  In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found, if ye are sought,
  And as we gaze we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
  Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow;
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
  Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet;
But we may taste your solace sweet,
  And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide;
  Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
  By all but lowly eyes.
For ye could draw the admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys;
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
  He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your maker's praise that hour,
  As when he paused and owned you good;
His blessing on earth's primal hour,
  Ye felt it all renewed.
What care ye now if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm:
  Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind
  That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
  Of your calm loveliness!

'Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares will bring to sight:
Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless.'

FLOWERS AND LIFE.

Loveliest of God's creations
Are the flowers that gem the earth;
In life's various relations,
'Mid its scenes of wo and mirth,
They are ever valued by us, e'en as things of priceless worth.

Mark the child amid them roving
Full of innocent delight;
Mark the youth and maiden loving,
Giving to each other's sight
Those many-hued interpreters which tell their hidden thoughts aright.

When the marriage vows are spoken,
And the merry bells outring,
What so well fond hopes betoken,
What so fit can friendship bring,
To strew the path wherein the pair are newly entering?

And when lost in blissful trances,
'Neath the honeymoon they rove,
While soft looks and tender glances
Tell of confidence and love,
Flowers seem blessings scattered round them by angelic hands above.

Flowers all beauty and all sweetness!
Out, alas! that they must fade;
Earthly joys have no completeness;
There's no sunshine without shade;
Like a blighted rose the loved one stricken is, and lowly laid!

When the funeral bell is tolling,
And the landscape looketh drear,
And adown the cheek is rolling
Sorrow's agonizing tear,
Faded blossoms, hope's frail emblems, deck the coffin and the bier.

And when time hath gently chidden
Grief to something like repose,
By the voice of memory bidden,
To the tomb the mourner goes,
Pleased he sees it wreath'd and covered with the violet and rose.

And amid his weeping, lowly
Bending to the verdant sod,

Thoughts came o'er him calm and holy,
And he blesseth, praiseth God
For the flowers of life that ever twine around his chastening rod.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

WELCOME in our leafless bower,
Where November's breath has come;
Welcome golden-anthered flower,
Ever fair chrysanthemum!
Like an old friend's pleasant face—
Though the earth is void of grace,
And the very birds are dumb,
Cheerful, gay chrysanthemum!

Thus may I have round me when
Age's frost my heart shall numb,
Friends as warm and constant then
As thou art, chrysanthemum!
May I find, though youth be past,
Hearts that loved me to the last,
Eyes that smile, though winter come,
Bright as thou, chrysanthemum!

WILD FLOWERS.

'Tis fair to see our cultured buds their shining tints unfold,
In leaves that wear the sapphire's hue, or mock the sunset's gold;
The lily's grace, the rose's blush, have drawn the admiring gaze,
And won from many a minstrel harp the meed of song and praise;
Oh! they are meet for festal hall, or beauty's courtly bowers,
For those I love the wreath shall be, of wild and woodland flowers!

Bright clustering in the forest shades, or springing from the sod,
As flung from Eden, forth they come, fresh from the hand of God!
No human care hath nurtured them: the wild wind passed by;
They flourish in the sunshine gleam and tempest-clouded sky;
And oh! like every gift that He, the bountiful hath given,
Their treasures fall, alike to all, type of his promised heaven!

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They bear to us sweet memories of childhood's
happy years,
Ere grief had wrung the heart with pain, or dimmed
the eye with tears;
They have been twined with playfulness round
many a snowy brow,
Where costly pearls and Indian gems are proudly
flashing now!
But hiding many a line of care beneath their gorgeous blaze,
That lurk'd not 'neath the wild flower wreath of
youth's untroubled days!

Oh! chide not at the simple theme that wakes the
minstrel's lay,
Earth were less bright without the flowers that
blossom by the way;
He at whose word the universe her ancient might
did yield,
Hath taught proud man a lesson from the lilies of
the field.
I thank thee, God! for every boon thy hand in
mercy showers,
And oh, not least among thy gifts, the beautiful
wild-flowers!

THE DAISY AND THE STAR.

The modest daisy on the hill,
That drinks of morning dew its fill,
And spreads its leaflets to the light,
And then in quiet meek repose
Its crimson coronet doth close
Beneath the shade of night,
Lives calmly out its little day,
Then fades unseen away.

And yonder shining star,
That dwells in heaven afar,
Whose trembling ray no more is seen,
Lost in the myriad orbs of light
That spangle o'er the veil of night,
Than is the daisy on the green,
Will but live out a longer day,
Then pass unseen away.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

A lovely Rose and Lily growing
  In a garden, side by side,
The Rose with love's own radiance glowing,
  Turned and said, in beauty's pride :

'Wherefore raise thy head so high,
Since not half so fair as I?

Sure all the magic charms that hover
O'er the lips of maiden fair,
In my bosom's depth's the lover,
Fondly seeketh, findeth there:
On her dewy lips repose
All the glories of the Rose!'

The Lily turned to speak, soft smiling
With a proud, yet gentle grace,
For well she knew the charm beguiling
Of her pure and virgin face;
'The whiteness of the maiden's breast,
Of beauty is the surest test.'

That moment, through the garden bounding,
Comes the treasure of my life;
As light they hear her footfall sounding,
Ceased each angry word of strife.
The lovely flowers she stands before,
And they are sisters evermore!

Her fair young cheek, where lilies, roses,
In fast friendship ever bloom,
To the rival flowers discloses,
In beauty's garden both have room:
Each declares, from envy free,
None so beautiful as she!

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

SILENT o'er the fountain gleaming,
In the silvery moonlight hour,
Bright and beauteous in its seeming,
Waves a friendly fragile flower.
Never let it be mistaken;
Blue—as heaven's own blessed eye,
By no envious clouds o'ertaken
When it laughs through all the sky.
Flower of heaven's divinest hue!
Symbol of affection true!
Whisper to the poor heart-broken
Consolation—heaven-spoken!

Loved one!—like the star of morning
Are thine eyes—so mild and fair—
Innocence with light adorning
The pure radiance everywhere!

Maiden mine! attend my lay;
Be this flow'ret ne'er forgot—
Whispering through the far-away,
'Oh, forget—forget me not!'
Duty stern may bid us sever,
Tears bedew our parted lot;
Yet these flowers shall murmur ever,
'Ah, forget—forget me not!'

List, beloved ! what it sayeth ;
List each blossom's whispered sound !
As its lowly head it layeth
On the dew-sprinkled ground.
Bethink ! each dew-drop is a tear,
That brims its dark blue eyes ;
Remember—when you wander near—
'Forget me not !' it sighs !

THE MULBERRY TREE.

The Mulberry tree, the Mulberry tree !
No child of the woods so wise as she ;
For the spring may come, and the spring may go,
And her hastier mates in beauty glow,
Yet still she waits her fitting time,
Till summer hath reached her sunny prime.
Prudent, patient Mulberry-tree !
What child of the woods so wise as she ?

But when chill spring hath passed away,
She quickly buddeth without delay,
Soon decketh herself in her summer charms,
And flingeth her dress o'er her naked arms ;
And her ample leaf unfolds at last,
And her purple fruit doth ripen fast.
Active, ardent Mulberry tree !
No child of the woods so wise as she.

Fain would I make such wisdom mine,
Prudence and vigour thus combine;
Not blindly rash when dangers lour,
Nor slow in duty's sunny hour;
Still wait with patience, plan with care,
Yet prompt to act, and bold to dare.
Thus I'd be like the Mulberry tree;
Happy, thrice happy, if wise as she.

THE NIGHTINGALE FLOWER.

Fair flower of silent night!
  Unto thy bard an emblem thou shouldst be;
His fount of song, in hours of garish light,
  Is closed like thee.

But, with the vesper hour,
  Silence and solitude its depths unseal:
Its hidden springs, like thy unfolding flower,
  There life reveal.

Were it not sweeter still
  To give imagination holier scope,
And deem that thus the future may fulfil
  A loftier hope?

That, as thy lovely bloom
  Sheds round its perfume at the close of day,

With beauty sweeter from surrounding gloom,
A star-like ray:

So in life's last decline,
When the grave shadows are around me cast,
My spirit's hope may like thy blossom shine
Bright at the last;

And, as the grateful scent
Of thy meek flower, the memory of thy name!
Oh! who could wish for prouder monument,
Or purer fame?

The darkness of the grave
Would wear no gloom appalling to the sight,
Might Hope's fair blossom, like thy flowret, brave
Death's wintry night.

Knowing the dawn drew nigh
Of an eternal, though a sunless day,
Whose glorious flowers must bloom immortally,
Nor fear decay!

THE CROPPED FLOWER.

Go, lovely flower!
Tell her, who fills my every thought,
That from the hour

When first across my path was brought
That gentle form,
My soul no other idol sought
From night till morn.

Go quickly, go,
And let thy modest blushes speak;
Though now you blow,
Too soon thou'rt doomed by winter bleak
To fade and perish;
Thus vanisheth all hope would make
Me love and cherish.

And tell her too,
As morning's beam doth kiss away
The tears of dew
Which thou hast wept since yesterday,
When thy god set—
So doth her smile send forth a ray
To cheer me yet.

But go, fair flower!
No longer by the winding lea,
In mossy bower,
At early dawn thy god thou'lt see:
He's set for ever,
As is my deity to me,
To rise, oh never!

Then droop and fade;
Thy god still shines as warm and bright
O'er lawn and mead;
And other flowers shall woo his light
In sunny hour,
But none so true from morn till night
As thou, poor flower!

TO A WINTER BLOOMING WILD FLOWER.

Lone dweller in the bleak and barren spot,
That finds no shelter from a leafless tree,
Though very desolate may be thy lot,
Almost I wish that I resembled thee.

Not in thy beauty, flowret azure-hued!
Nor in thy faint, wind-wasted fragrancy—
Nor in the stillness of thy solitude—
My heart, companionless, would broken be.

But I, like thee, upspringing from the sod,
Would lift, through storms, a cheerful eye to Heaven,
Trusting the bounteous hand of Nature's
Sunshine and storm for equal good hath g

And though thy wintery doom may seem severe,
Uncheered by song of birds, or kindred flower,
I do believe thou dost not blossom here
But by the will of that Almighty Power,
Who makes thy fragile bloom an instrument
To teach a proud and murmuring heart content.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.*

'SISTER, wake! 'tis surely morning; listen, I can hear the bees
Humming underneath the window, in the fragrant lilac-trees.
There it comes! that wandering sunbeam I have watched so many a time,
Creeping in the same dark corner at the early morning chime.

'Oh the night is very weary unto those who lie and moan,
And who only know the day-time by the slow hours stealing on—
By the small blue rift of heaven gleaming through the curtained pane,
By t. e warbling birds that waken to their daily life again.

* In ancient Germany it was the custom for a bride- ... to send or bring to his betrothed a golden rose, ... token that he was about to claim her.

'Sister, rise! and let me watch you twisting up
your tresses bright;
Stand there, just where I can see you, in the early
morning light.
I will look, and you shall listen, while I tell a wondrous dream
Which I dreamt, when these tired eyelids closed at
daybreak's cold gray beam.

'Often have I, sighing, told you, how to me there
came no more
Those sweet dreams that used to haunt me in the
first sad time of yore,
When this long and wasting sickness, stealing all
my youth and bloom,
Turned my eyes from bridal altar to the dark and
ghastly tomb.

'It is long since even in slumber I have seen my
Wilhelm's face,
But last night he looked upon me from his blessed
dwelling place;
Not as when I last beheld him—still, and cold, and
marble-white—
But all radiant as an angel, with his gold hair
gleaming bright.

'And he kissed my lips and forehead, as in those
dear olden days,
And his eyes once more bent on me their clear loving, earnest gaze;

Not a word did Wilhelm utter; and my lips in silence bound
By that holy kiss he gave me, could not frame a single sound.

'Then he placed within my bosom, with a smile the rose of gold;
And my heart leaped up within me as I felt his dear arms fold
Round me; and a wondrous lightness shot through all this drooping frame,
While above my shoulders budded two bright wings of amber flame.

'In the air we rose together, I and Wilhelm, hand in hand;
Like two wandering doves we floated over sea and over land;
Higher—till the air grew clearer, and the earth beneath grew dim,
And afar we heard the angels chant our glorious nuptial hymn.

'In each other's arms we floated all the blessed stars among,
Till I wakened with the music of the skylark's matin song.
Sister! tell me now what meaneth this most happy dream of mine?'
Weeping, turned away her sister, for too well she knew the sign.

On the wall the sunbeam stealeth; gaily hum the laden bees;
And the light wind stirs the blossoms in the fragrant lilac-trees;
Loudly sings the lark, but breaks not that immoveable repose,
For the bride has met the bridegroom—Death has brought the golden rose.

MAY FLOWERS.

Sweet flowers every one!
Ye put it in my mind to offer up
A thankful prayer to Him who fills my cup,
And sendeth beauty with the summer's sun.
Thought wanders joyful while your sunny bloom
And odours sweet enrich the passing hours;
Thought which forbids an anchoritish gloom,
And glows with beauty not unlike the flowers.
A welcome waits you through this land of ours!
In southern vales or Scotia's wilder glen:
Where'er your glories fall in golden showers,
A welcome waits ye in the hearts of MEN!
For 'souls are ripened,' even while ye fly
The howling storm beneath 'our northern sky.'

'Twere well to learn of you
The skill to waken hope and pleasant thought!
And pour into the bosom nigh distraught,
The freshness of the heart, like morning dew.
To lift the head, and suffer truth to play
Upon the brow, like sunshine ever bright;
To cherish in the heart, though but a ray
Of potent love, to warm the mental light.
To rise from sloth, as ye from winter's night,
Rejoicing garden-land and forest dell;
With all the soul, with all the heart and might,
Aiding the brotherhood in which we dwell.
To learn of sweetest May, and kindly give
Blessings with open hand to all that live!

THE VIOLET.

Sweet flower! Spring's earliest loveliest gem!
While other flowers are idly sleeping,
Thou rearest thy purple diadem;
Meekly from thy seclusion peeping.

Thou, from thy little secret mound,
Where diamond dew-drops shine above thee,
Scatterest thy modest fragrance round;
And well may Nature's Poet love thee!

Thine is a short swift reign I know—
But here thy spirit still pervading,
New *Violet* tufts again shall blow,
Then fade away as thou art fading,

And be renewed; the hope how blest,
O may that hope desert me never!
Like thee to sleep on Nature's breast,
And wake again, and bloom for ever.

THE ROSES ARE GONE.

The Roses are gone, their empire is o'er,
And many who saw them, may see them no more;
Yet little it recks that we mourn their decay,
For we are as fragile, as fleeting as they.

What came with the Roses? Sweet hopes springing forth
'Mid the sunbeams of heaven, the blossoms of earth,
And the song of the birds, and the breath of the flowers,
Awakening a dream of life's sunniest hours.

What came with the Roses? Dear thought of delight,
That feared not extinction, that dreamt not of blight;

And the trust that had withered, the joy that was lost,
Forth springing again, but again to be crost.

What came with the Roses? The promise of truth,
And the love that haunts ever the spirit of youth,
Ere the heart learns to school its wild throbs of delight,
Ere the storms of the world pour their withering blight.

What went with the Roses? Hope chill'd to despair,
And all our bright visions like fabrics in air.
We felt they were lovely; we knew they must go
Yet that doth not weaken one pulse of our woe.

What went with the Roses? The love of long years
That kindled in sunshine, has withered in tears;
And the joy that we deemed in a moment to clasp,
Had fled like a shade and eluded our grasp.

What went with the Roses? The bark o'er the sea,
With its treasures of loved ones—the leaf from the tree
The earliest reft—in our pathway is shed,
And the birds of the spring-time are silent or fled.

The breeze took the Roses, nor took them alone,
There are fair ones, and loved ones as suddenly
gone,
And the last of your leaves have been shed o'er the
bier,
Where their scent cannot charm, their beauty not
cheer.

Alas! it is thus, nought is permanent here;
Each joy brings its price, the fast following tear;
And the smile that is lighting our features to-day,
Ere to-morrow may pass into darkness away.

Yet Roses may wither, and pleasures may fly,
But somewhat there is that can fade not, nor die;
And like a sweet perfume, that doth not depart,
Are the feelings that change not, within the deep
heart.

THE ROSE BUD.

When Nature tries her finest touch,
Weaving her vernal wreath,
Mark ye, how close she veils her round,
Not to be traced by sight or sound,
Nor soiled by ruder breath!

Who ever saw the earliest rose
First open her sweet breast?
Or, when the summer sun goes down,
The first soft star in evening's crown
Light up her gleaming crest?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom
On features wan and fair,—
The gazing eye no change can trace,
But look away a little space,
Then turn, and lo! 'tis there.

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er
Blushed on the rosy spray—
A brighter star, a richer bloom
Than e'er did western heaven illume
At close of summer day.

'Tis love, the last best gift of heaven;
Love—gentle, holy, pure;
But tenderer than a dove's soft eye,
The searching sun, the open sky,
She never could endure.

Even human love will shrink from sight
Here in the coarse rude earth:
How then should rash intruding glance
Break in upon her sacred trance,
Who boasts a heavenly birth?

So still and secret is her growth,
Ever the truest heart,
Where deepest strikes her kindly root
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,
Least known its happy part.

God only, and good angels, look
Behind the blissful screen—
As when, triumphant o'er his woes,
The Son of God, by moonlight rose,
By all but Heaven unseen:

As when the holy maid beheld
Her risen Son and Lord:
Thought has not colours half so fair
That she to paint that hour may dare,
In silence best adored.

The gracious Dove, that brought from heaven
The earnest of our bliss,
Of many a chosen witness telling,
On many a happy vision dwelling,
Sings not a note of this.

So, truest image of the Christ,
Old Israel's long lost Son,
What time, with sweet forgiving cheer,
He called his conscious brethren near,
Would weep with them alone.

He could not trust his melting soul
But in his Maker's sight—
Then why should gentle hearts and true
Bare to the rude world's withering view
Their treasures of delight?

No—let the dainty rose awhile
Her bashful fragrance hide—
Rend not her silken veil too soon,
But leave her in her own soft noon,
To flourish and abide.

THE ROSE.

The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd,
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay so dripping and drown'd;
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd !

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile:
And the tear that is wiped with a little address
May be followed perhaps by a smile.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

What Nature, alas ! has denied
To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And Winter is deck'd with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flowers have the charms of the spring
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime.
While earth wears a mantle of snow,
These pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely survived
The frowns of a sky so severe:
Such Mary's true love, that has lived
Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late blowing rose
Seem graced with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shews
The truth of a friend such as you.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily the flowers die away!
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they,
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
Then drop without decrepitude, or pain, into the tomb!

The gay and glorious creatures! they neither "toil nor spin!"
Yet, lo! what goodly raiment they're all apparelled in;
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than ever brow of eastern queen endiademed with light.

The young rejoicing creatures! their pleasures never pall:
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all!—
The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy, blessed air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely share.

The happy careless creatures! of time they take no heed;
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed,
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away;
Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, "would God that it were day!"

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
Unconcious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's breast;
No pain have they in dying—no shrinking from decay—
Oh! could we but return to earth as easily as they!

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Flowers of the closing year !
Ye bloom amidst decay ;
And come like friends sincere,
When wintry storms appear,
And all have pass'd away
That clothed gay spring's luxuriant bowers,
With garlands meet for sunny hours.

When rose and lily fade,
And later amaranths fail,
And leaves in grove and glade
Assume a russet shade,
And shiver in the gale,
Or withering strew the chilly plain
With blighted hopes of summer's reign

'Tis then when sternly lours,
O'er nature's changing face,
Dark clouds and drifting showers,
Ye come, ye come, sweet flowers !
With meek and touching grace ;
And o'er the parting season's wing,
A wreath of lingering beauty fling.

The hare-bell, bright and blue,
That loves the dingle wild,

In whose cerulean hue,
Heaven's own blest tint we view,
On days serene and mild;
How beauteous like an azure gem,
She droopeth from her graceful stem!

The foxglove's purple bell,
On bank and upland plain;
The scarlet pimpernel,
And daisy in the dell,
That kindly blooms again,
When all her sisters of the spring
On earth's cold lap are withering;

The bind-weed pure and pale,
That sues to all for aid,
And when rude storms assail
Her snowy virgin veil,
Doth like some timid maid,
In conscious weakness most secure,
Unscathed its sternest shocks endure.

How fair her pendent wreath
O'er bush and brake is twining!
While meekly there beneath,
'Mid fern and blossomed heath,
Her lowlier sister's shining;
Tinged with the blended hues that streak
A slumbering infant's tender cheek.

And there Vimiria waves
  Her light and feathery bowers,
'Mid russet-shaded leaves,
Where robin sits and grieves
  Your hasting death, sweet flowers!
He sings your requiem all the day,
And mourns because ye pass away.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

'Why loves my flower, the sweetest flower,
  That swells the golden breast of May,
Thrown rudely o'er this ruin'd tower,
  To waste the solitary day?

'Why, when the mead, the spicy vale,
  The grove and genial garden call,
Will she her fragrant scents exhale,
  Unheeded on the lonely wall?

For never sure was beauty born,
  To live in death's deserted shade!
Come lovely flower, my banks adorn,
  My banks for life and beauty made.'

Thus *pity* wak'd the tender thought;
  And by her sweet persuasion led,
To seize the hermit flower I sought,
  And bear her from her stony bed.

I sought—but sudden on mine ear
  A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
And smote my ear with holy fear—
  The Genius *of the Ruin* spoke.

'From thee be far th' ungentle deed,
  The honours of the dead to spoil,
Or take the sole remaining meed,
  The flower that crowns the former toil!

'Nor deem that flower the garden's foe,
  Or fond to grace this barren shade;
'Tis *nature* tells her to bestow
  Her honours on the lonely dead.

'For this, obedient zephyrs bear
  Her light seeds round yon turret's mould,
And undispers'd by tempests there,
  They rise in vegetable gold.

'Nor shall thy wonder wake to see
  Such desert scenes distinction crave;
Oft have they been, and oft shall be
  Truth's, honour's, valour's, beauty's grave.

'Where longs to fall that rifted spire,
  As weary of th' insulting air;
The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,
  The lover's sighs are sleeping there.

'When that, too, shades the trembling ground,
Borne down by some tempestuous sky,
And many a slumbering cottage round
Startles—how still their hearts will lie!

'Of them who, wrapp'd in earth so cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told;
For many a tender thought is due.

'Hast thou not seen the lover pale,
When evening brought the pensive hour,
Step slowly o'er the shadowy vale,
And stop to pluck the frequent flower?

'Those flowers he surely meant to strew
On lost *affection's* lowly cell,
Tho' there, as fond remembrance grew,—
Forgotten from his hand they fell.

'Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
Been taught her first rose to resign?
With vain but pious fondness borne,
To deck thy Nancy's honoured shrine.

''Tis *nature* pleading in the breast,
Fair memory of her works to find;
And when to fate she yields the rest,
She claims the monumental mind.

'Why, else, the o'ergrown paths of time
Would thus the letter'd sage explore,
With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
And on the doubtful sculpture pore?

'Why seeks he with unwearied toil
Through death's dim walk to urge his way,
Reclaim his long asserted spoil,
And lead *Oblivion* into day?'

THE HYACINTH.

CHILD of the Spring, thou charming flower,
No longer in confinement lie,
Arise to light, thy form discover,
Rival the azure of the sky.

The rains are gone, the storms are o'er,
Winter retires to make thee way;
Come, then, thou sweetly blooming flower,
Come, lovely stranger, come away.

The sun is dressed in beaming smiles,
To give thy beauty to the day:
Young zephyrs wait with gentlest gales,
To fan thy beauty as they play.

THE WOODRUFF.

AMID a thousand brighter flowers,
  We scarcely note thy tender bloom,
When Summer's heat and Spring-time's showers
  Have called thee from thy winter tomb.

But should we find thee withered, reft
  Even of the humble charms thou hast.
We feel a fragrant sweetness left—
  A sweetness that no ill can blast.

Thus modest worth remains unknown,
  While fairer beauty's flatter'd name,
On every zephyr's breath has blown,
  A candidate for human fame.

Let sorrow come—mere beauty now
  Has lost its adventitious power;
While chill'd, or bruised, or broken thou,
  Art fragrant in that trying hour.

TO THE MELANCHOLY GILLY-FLOWER.

OH why, thou lone and lovely flower,
Deny thy sweetness to the day;
And ever in night's hushest hour,
Still sigh thy fragrant life away?

The wild-bee murmurs round each spray,
And kisses every flower but thine;
No scent allures the vagrant's way,
Or tempts him to thy golden mine.

The glowing breath of gorgeous noon
Is swelled by every other sweet;
Why dost thou only the pale moon
And chilly night-winds love to greet?

When young Endymion earliest dream'd
On that wild hill's enchanted ground,
The faltering radiance fearful gleam'd,
And cast a quivering light around.

Still, in his dreams, did charmed sighs
Float trembling o'er his favoured head,
And strange mysterious music rise,
And hover round his mountain bed.

This was the conscious flower that threw
  Its lovely fragrance on the night;
Thou only oped thy pallid hue
  Beneath the silent flood of light.

Thy sisters veil their foreheads fair,
  And fold their bells on heath and dale;
Nor on the misty evening air
  Their breath of sweetness dare exhale.

But thou dost long for holy eve,
  To shroud thee from day's piercing eye;
Night's chilly hours alone receive
  Thy secret tear and perfumed sigh.

SPRING FLOWERS.

The flowers! the lovely flowers!
  They are springing forth again;
Are opening their gentle eyes
  In forest and in plain!
They cluster round the ancient stems,
  And ivied roots of trees,
Like children playing gracefully
  About a father's knees.

The flowers! the lovely flowers!
  Their pure and radiant eyes

Greet us where'er we turn our steps,
Like angels from the skies!
They say that nought exists on earth,
However poor or small,
Unseen by God; the meanest things,
He careth for them all!

The flowers! the lovely flowers!
The fairest type are they
Of the soul springing from its night
To sunshine and to day;
For though they lie all dead and cold,
With winter's snow above,
The glorious spring doth call them forth
To happiness and love!

Ye flowers! ye lovely flowers!
We greet ye well and long!
With light, and warmth, and sunny smile,
And harmony, and song!
All dull and sad would be our earth,
Were your bright beauties not;
And thus, without Life's Flowers of Love,
Oh, what would be our lot!

THE THREE LITTLE ROSES.

I WENT to the forest-well;
  —Drank not a drop there;
I went to meet my heart's dearest love,
  And saw her nowhere.

So I looked all around me
  On every hand,
And I saw my heart's dearest love
  With another man stand!

She standing with another man
  Was sorry to see!
—Now, Heav'n keep thee, heart's dearest love
  Thou'lt ne'er belong to me.

I went and bought paper,
  Ink bought I and pen,
And wrote to my heart's dearest love
  That I'd ne'er see her again.

Then heart-sick I lay down
  On the green moss and hay,
And three little roses
  Fell just where I lay;

And these three little roses
Were all bright and red.
—Thus know I not if my love
Be living or be dead!

LOOK FOR THE FLOWERS.

HERE, we earth wanderers
Timid and brave,
Hasten with onward step
Nearer the grave;
And in our pilgrimage
Should we not see,
All that is beautiful,
Lovesome and free?
Should we with mourning heart
Sit all forlorn?
Should we with sullen hand
Gather the thorn?
Should we in rambling
Over the meads,
Look but for pestilent,
Poisonous weeds?
Should we not, joyously,
Hand lock'd in hand,
A hopeful—a jubilant,
Brotherly band,
Look for the Flowers?

In the far nooks of life—
In the deep shade—
Where amidst evil things
Good well might fade;
God sends the sunny beam,
God sends the shower,
Nursing humanity's
Ever-bright Flower!
Sin may be rife enough,
But "the good part,"
Lieth low hidden, in
Every heart.
God sent the stream at first,
From his own fount—
Christ, in diffusing it
Died on the Mount;
And amongst stony ways
Ripples are heard,
Like the half-utter'd notes
Of a lone bird!
Dark tho' the fate of us,
That matters not—
In the glad soul of us
Lies the bright spot—
Look for the Flowers!

Are there not sainted ones,
Graciously given,
Who in their gentle hands,
Lead us to heaven?

When they return to us
In the dim night,
Are they not angel-like,
Holy and bright—
Sanctified—purified
Unto us now,
With a heaven-garland,
Encircling each brow?
Turn to the living ones
There as they stand,
Touch the live hearts of them
With thy love-wand—
Seek not the weeds in them,
And to thy sight
They will be angel-like,
Holy, and bright,
Look for the Flowers!

Look for the flowery way,
Life has its clouds;
Treasured ones, suddenly
Wrapp'd in their shrouds,—
Hopes often dash'd aside—
Hearts rudely torn,
And o'er wreck'd promises
Oft do we mourn:—
Hints, too, are given us,
That our swift day,
Rapidly—rapidly,
Fleeteth away.

Up, then ! and cheerfully,
Trust me, there lies,
Much that is beautiful—
'Neath the broad skies !
Go on Life's pilgrimage,
Hand lock'd in hand,
A hopeful—a jubilant,
Brotherly band,
Looking for Flowers !

CRY OF THE SPRING FLOWER SELLER.

VIOLETS, violets—here, see, I bring ;
Primroses, wet from the woods of the spring ;
Lilies, the whitest that silver our vallies ;
Come out from your courts, from the gloom of your alleys—
Buy my flowers !

Here's pleasures a selling ! my blossoms come buy—
Cheap enough for the low, choice enough for the high—
Buy my flowers !

Come, make your close rooms and your dark windows gay,
With thoughts of their dwellings on banks far away;
And the hours of work, long so sluggish for many a day,
Through the thoughts that they bring, shall trip lightly away—
Buy my flowers!

And into the heart of the city they'll bring
The country, the meadows, the woodlands, and Spring;
Pleasant hours you spent in the green fields long ago,
On stiles that you loved, and in lanes well you know—
Come and buy!

The poorest may buy them, the richest they'll please—
There's ne'er a one sells brighter blossoms than these—
There's ne'er a one sells such sweet flowers as I—
Buy my flowers!

PRIMROSE TIME.

BIRDS begin their sweet spring lays,
Hedges grow in young bright green,
Suns light showers up with their rays,
Rainbows span the heavenly scene:
Every thing is sweet and young,
Every thing is in its prime,
Music voices every tongue
In Primrose Time, in Primrose Time!

Gauzy wings flit in the beam,
Daisies bud amid the grass,
Butterflies of summer dream,
And of May-day dreams the lass;
Every thing is sweet and young,
Every thing is in its prime,
Music voices every tongue
In Primrose Time, in Primrose Time!

Redder lips! eyes, brighter far!
Pulses warmer, fonder beat,
Fairer shines the evening star,
Lighter trip the maiden's feet;
Every thing is sweet and young,
Every thing is in its prime,
Music voices every tongue
In Primrose Time, in Primrose Time!

Patriots with the sunbeams shine;
Poets bud verse with the flowers;
Love of country grows divine;
Poems chime in with the hours;
Every thing is sweet and young,
Every thing is in its prime,
Music voices every tongue
In Primrose Time, in Primrose Time!

THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

When earth was in its golden prime,
Ere grief or gloom had marred its hue,
And Paradise, unknown to crime,
Beneath the love of angels grew,
Each flower was then a spirit's home,
Each tree a living shrine of song;
And oh! that ever hearts could roam,—
Could quit for sin that seraph throng!

But there the spirit lingers yet,
Though dimness o'er our visions fall;
And flowers that seem with dew-drops wet,
Weep angel's tears for human thrall;
And sentiments and feelings move
The soul, like oracles divine;
And hearts that ever bow'd to love,
First found it by the flowers' sweet shrine.

A voiceless eloquence and power,
  Language that hath in life no sound,
Still haunts, like Truth, the Spirit-flower,
  And hallows even Sorrow's ground.
The wanderer gives it Memory's tear,
  Whilst home seems pictured on its leaf;
And hopes, and hearts, and voices dear,
  Come o'er him—beautiful as brief.

'Tis not the bloom, though wild or rare,
  It is the Spirit power within,
Which melts and moves our souls, to share
  The Paradise we here might win.
For heaven itself around us lies,
  Not far, not yet our reach beyond,
And we are watched by angel's eyes
  With hope and faith still fond !

I well believe a spirit dwells
  Within the flower ! least changed of all
That of the passed Immortal tells—
  The glorious meeds before man's fall;
Yet, still, though I should never see
  The mystic grace within it shine—
Its essence is sublimity,
  Its feeling all divine.

THE MOSS ROSE.

THE Angel of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay;
That spirit to whom charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews of Heaven;
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:—
"Oh, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all is fair;
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee!"
"Then," said the rose, with deepen'd glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused in silent thought:—
What grace was there the flower had not?—
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws;
And robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

TO THE DAISY.

SWEET simple flower, though lost to fame,
And scorn'd by every thoughtless wight;
How proud the orb which gave thy name—
That splendid orb which yields us light!

Surely thou'rt nature's favour'd flower !
  She form'd thy peerless virgin ray,
Then bade thee grace young spring's new power.
  And, with him, hail the God of day.

The glowing god beheld thee fair
  As brightly glancing from the sky,
And pleased at Nature's friendly care,
  He said, " Henceforth be call'd mine eye."

Now each returning season brings
  Thy little silvery form to light,
When Nature's fairy finger flings
  Her gifts, all teeming with delight!

Why valued less, because not rare
  Thy beauty meets the common eye ?
The day's blest orb on each his share
  Of warmth bestows, on low or high !

Thy modest mien, thy lowly sphere,
  Shall to my footsteps sacred be ;
And as I view that orb so dear,
  Sweet flower ! I'll still remember thee.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.*

SWEET scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song;
And sweet the strain shall be and long,
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom,
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude
So peaceful and so deep.

* The Rosemary buds in January. It is the flower commonly put into the coffins of the dead.

And hark ! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower ! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead ;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

THE ROSE.

In his tower sat the poet
Gazing on the roaring sea,
"Take this rose," he sighed, "and throw it
Where there's none that loveth me.
On the rock the billow bursteth
And sinks back into the seas,
But in vain my spirit thirsteth
So to burst and be at ease.
Take, O, sea! the tender blossom
That hath lain against my breast;
On thy black and angry bosom
It will find a surer rest.
Life is vain, and love is hollow,
Ugly death stands there behind,
Hate and scorn and hunger follow
Him that toileth for his kind."

Forth into the night he hurled it,
  And with bitter smile did mark
How the surly tempest whirled it
  Swift into the hungry dark.
Foam and spray drive back to leeward,
  And the gale with dreary moan,
Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,
  Through the breakers all alone.
Stands a maiden on the morrow,
  Musing by the wave-beat strand,
Half in hope and half in sorrow,
  Tracing words upon the sand;
"Shall I ever then behold him
  Who hath been my life so long,—
Ever to this sick heart fold him,—
  Be the spirit of his song?
Touch not, sea, the blessed letters
  I have traced upon thy shore,
Spare his name whose spirit fetters
  Mine with love for evermore!"
Swells the tide and overflows it,
  But with omen pure and meet,
Brings a little rose, and throws it
  Humbly at the maiden's feet.
Full of bliss she takes the token,
  And, upon her snowy breast,
Soothes the ruffled petals, broken
  With the ocean's fierce unrest.
"Love is thine, O heart! and surely
  Peace shall always be thine own,

For the heart that trusteth purely
  Never long can pine alone."

In his tower sits the poet,
  Blisses new and strange to him
Fill his heart and overflow it
  With a wonder sweet and dim,
Up the beach the ocean slideth
  With a whisper of delight,
And the moon in silence glideth
  Through the peaceful blue of night,
Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder
  Flows a maiden's golden hair,
Maiden lips, with love grown bolder,
  Kiss his moon-lit forehead bare.
"Life is joy, and love is power,
  Death all fetters doth unbind,
Strength and wisdom only flower
  When we toil for all our kind.
Hope is truth,—the future giveth
  More than present takes away,
And the soul for ever liveth
  Nearer God from day to day."
Not a word the maiden uttered,
  Fullest hearts are slow to speak,
But a withered rose-leaf fluttered
  Down upon the poet's cheek.

BRING FLOWERS.

BRING flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured;
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out in a southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers, to strew in the conqueror's path—
He that hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!
He comes with the spoil of nations back,
The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track.
The turf looks red where he won the day—
Bring flowers, to die in the conqueror's way!

Bring flowers, to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free blue streams and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth,—bring him flowers, wild flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair,

She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth;
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, on the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead;
For this, through its leaves, hath the white rose
burst;
For this, in the woods, was the violet nursed;
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale
flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in
prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is *there!*
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the winter hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright
flowers!

TO A MOSS ROSE.

WHILST across thy dewy bed
The playful graces lightly tread:—

Whilst within thy mossy cell
The sylph or fairy loves to dwell;—
Whilst young zephyr sweetly sings
And in thy odours dips his wings;
Remember, beauty quickly dies,
And with it adulation flies.

Emblem of Mary's lovely face!
Of Mary's beauty, Mary's grace!
Go, teach her now, this serious truth—
That beauty fades, as fades our youth:
Howe'er her lovely features bloom,
They only blossom o'er her tomb;
Bid her remember flattery dies—
Bid her, whilst young, be good and wise

FOLLY'S FLOWER,

THE COLUMBINE.

Bring lilies for a maiden's grave,
Roses to deck the bride,
Tulips for all who love through life
In brave attire to ride:
Bring each for each, in bower and hall,
But cull the columbine for all.

"The Columbine? full many a flower
  Hath hues more clear and bright,
Although she doth in purple go,
  In crimson, pink, and white.
Why, when so many fairer shine,
Why choose the homely columbine?"

Examine well each flowret's form,—
  Read ye not something more
Than curl of petal—depth of tint?
  Saw ye ne'er aught before
That claims a fancied semblance there,
Amid those modelled leaves so fair?

Know ye the cap which Folly wears
  In ancient masques and plays?
Does not the columbine recall
  That toy of olden days?
And is not Folly reigning now
O'er many a wisdom-written brow?

'Tis Folly's flower, that homely one;
  That universal guest
Makes every garden but a type
  Of every human breast;
For, though ye tend both mind and bower,
There's still a nook for Folly's flower,

Then gather roses for the bride,
  'Twine them in her bright hair,

But, ere the wreath be done—oh ! let
  The columbine be there,
For rest ye sure that follies dwell
In many a heart that loveth well.

Gather ye laurels for the brow
  Of every prince of song !
For all to whom philosophy
  And wisdom do belong;
But ne'er forget to intertwine
A flower or two of columbine.

Forget it not; for even they,
  The oracles of earth,
'Mid all their wealth of golden thoughts,
  Their wisdom and their worth,
Sometimes play pranks beneath the sky,
Would scarce become e'en such as I !

Weave ye an armful of that plant,
  Choosing the darkest flowers,
With that red, blood-dipped wreath ye bring
  The devastating powers
Of warrior, conqueror, or chief;
Oh twine that full of Folly's leaf !

And do ye ask me why this flower
  Is fit for every brow ?
Tell me but one where Folly ne'er
  Hath dwelt, nor dwelleth now,

And I will then the laurel twine,
Unmingled with the columbine.

THE EARLY SNOWDROP.

Emerging from its wintry tomb,
See the spotless snowdrop peep,—
Burst the ice-bound earth, and bloom,
While more tender flowrets sleep.

Pledge of the genial coming year,
Amid the gloom of winter gay,
Smiling through the morning tear,—
The tribute tear of early day.

Death awaits thy faultless form,—
Less beauteous flowers safe may blossom;
Thus I snatch thee from the storm,
To grace my lovely Anna's bosom.

THE NIGHT-BLOWING CEREUS.

Fair flower, whose coy and diffident revealings
Bloom to the gaze of pensive Night alone;
Thou seem'st a record of my wayward feelings,—
For when life's glittering sunbeams round me shone,

Closed was my heart, nor gave one bud of love
To glorify its bounteous Lord above.

But sorrow came, and summer friends departed;
Then at the throne of grace I learned to kneel,
And now, aroused from sloth, and fervent-hearted,
The holy glow of gratitude I feel,
And those sweet leaves in darkness have unfurl'd
That shunned the gaudy splendour of the world.

A NOSEGAIE ALWAIES SWEET,

FOR LOVERS TO SEND FOR TOKENS OF LOVE, AT NEW YERES TIDE, OR FOR FAIRINGS, AS THEY IN THEIR MINDS SHALL BE DISPOSED TO WRITE.—1584.

A NOSEGAIE lacking flowers fresh,
To you now I do send,
Desiring you to look thereon,
When that you may intend:
For flowers fresh begin to fade,
And Boreas in the field,
Even with his hard congealed frost,
No better flowers doth yield.

But if that winter could have sprung
A sweeter flower than this,
I would have sent it presently
To you withouten misse.

Accept this, then, as time doth serve;
  Be thankful for the same;
Despise it not, but keep it well,
  And marke with flowers his name.

Lavander is for lovers true,
  Which evermore be faine;
Desiring always for to have
  Some pleasure for their paine:
And when that they obtained have
  The love that they require,
Then have they all their perfect joie,
  And quenched is the fire.

Rosemarie is for remembrance
  Between us day and night,
Wishing that I might always have
  You present in my sight;
And when I cannot have,
  (As I have said before,)
Then Cupid, with his deadly dart,
  Doth wound my heart full sore.

Sage is for sustenance,
  That should man's life sustaine;
For I do still lie languishing
  Continually in paine;
And shall do still, until I die,
  Except thou favour show:
My paine, and all my grievious smart,
  Full well you do it know.

Fennel is for flatterers,
  An evil thing 'tis sure:
But I have alwaies meant truly,
  With constant heart most pure;
And will continue in the same.
  As long as life doth last;
Still hoping for a joyful day
  When all our paines be past.

Violet is for faithfulnesse,
  Which in me shall abide;
Hoping, likewise, that from your heart
  You will not let it slide:
And will continue in the same,
  As you have now begunne;
And there for ever to abide,
  When you my heart have wonne.

Time is to try me,
  As each be tried must;
Trusting, you know, while life doth last,
  I will not be unjust;
And if I should, I would to God
  To hell my soule should beare,
And eke, also, that Belzebub
  With teeth he should me teare.

Roses is to rule me,
  With reason, as you will,
For to be still obedient
  Your mind for to fulfil;

And thereto will not disagree
  In nothing that you say ;
But will content your mind truly
  In all things that I may.

Jeliflowers is for gentleness,
  Which in me shall remaine,
Hoping that no sedition shall
  Depart our hearts in twaine.
As soone the sunne shall lose his course,
  The moone, against her kinde,
Shall have no light, if that I do
  Once put you from my minde.

Carnations is for graciousnesse ;
  (Mark that, now, by the way ;)
Have no regard to flatterers,
  Nor passe not what they say :
For they will come with lying tales,
  Your eares for to fulfill ;
In any case, do you consent
  Nothing unto their will.

Marigolds is for marriage,
  That would our minds suffise,
Least that suspicion of us twaine
  By any means should rise :
As for my part, I do not care ;
  Myself I will still use,
That all the women in the world
  For you I will refuse.

Pennyroyal is to print your love
So deep within my heart,
That when you look this nosegay on,
My pain you may impart:
And when that you have read the same,
Consider well my wo;
Think ye, then, how to recompence
Even him that loves you so.

Cowslips is for counsell,
For secrets us between,
That none but you and I alone,
Should know the thing we meane:
And if you will thus wisely do,
As I think to be the best,
Then have you surely wonne the field,
And set my heart at rest.

I pray you, keep this nosegay well,
And set by it some store:
(And thus, farewell! the gods thee guide
Both now and evermore!)
Not as the common sort do use,
To set it in your breast;
That, when the smell is gone away,
On the ground he takes his rest.

THE WITHERED FLOWER.

THE flowers o' the simmer-time,
A' in brown-leaf shrouds are lying;
The nor' wind is swirling the driven snaw,
An' tossing the white flakes or e'er they fa',
To hide where a' lay a dying;—
But my flower is withered an' winna re-bloom!

The birks in the erie glen
Their leafless bows a' wide are tossing;
The sough frae the upland forest seems
As in wild faem a thousand mountain streams
Frae rock to den were crossing;—
An' my flower is withered and winna re-bloom.

The spring maun return again,
Opening the fresh buds o' ilka flower,
Drappin' the gowans o'er strath an' lea;
Buskin' wi' blossom ilk buss an' tree,
Blessing a' nature wi' walth o' dower;—
But my flower is withered an' winna re-bloom.

Till ance this waefu' warld
Its last flowers a' withered, its ways a' toom,
An nought for a lap to the lanesome dying,
But the graves whar death's latest plenish is lying

Steerin' to wake at the trump o' doom;—
Then my flower though withered shall again re-
bloom!

FLOWERS.

Oh! they look upward in every place,
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And dear as a smile on an old friend's face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!
They tell us of wand'rings by woods and by streams;
They tell us of lanes and trees;
But the children of showers and sunny beams
Have lovelier tales than these—
The bright, bright flowers!

They tell of a season when men were not;
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God.
When spirits singing their hymns at even',
Wandered by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from the highest hea-
ven,
And bless'd what he had made—
The bright, bright flowers!

That blessing remaineth upon them still,
Though often the storm-cloud lowers.
And frequent tempests may soil and chill
The gayest of earth's flowers.
When Sin and Death, with their sister Grief,
Made a home of the hearts of men,
The blessing of God on each tender leaf
Preserved in their beauty then
The bright, bright flowers!

The Lily is lovely as when it slept
On the waters of Eden's lake,
The Woodbine breathes sweetly as when it crept
In Eden from brake to brake.
They were left as proof of the loveliness
Of Adam and Eve's first home:
They are here as a type of the joys that bless
The first in the world to come—
The bright, bright flowers!

THE IVY.

Dost thou not love, in the season of spring,
To twine thee a flowery wreath,
And to see the beautiful birch-tree fling
Its shade on the grass beneath?
Its glossy leaf, and its silvery stem;
Oh! dost thou not love to look on them?

And dost thou not love, when leaves are greenest,
  And summer has just begun,
When in the silence of moonlight thou leanest,
  Where glistening waters run,
To see, by that gentle and peaceful beam,
The willow bend down to the sparkling stream?

And, oh! in a lovely autumnal day,
  When leaves are changing before thee,
Do not Nature's charms, as they slowly decay,
  Shed their own mild influence o'er thee?
And hast thou not felt, as thou stood'st to gaze,
The touching lesson such scene displays?

It should be thus, at an age like thine;
  And it has been thus with me;
When the freshness of feeling and heart were mine,
  As they never more can be:
Yet think not I ask thee to pity my lot,
Perhaps I see beauty where thou dost not.

Hast thou seen, in winter's stormiest day,
  The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead but sinking in slow decay
  Beneath Time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxuriant ivy had grown,
And wreathed it with verdure no longer its own?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,
  As I at thy years might do,

Passed carelessly by, nor turned again
That scathed wreck to view :
But now I can draw from that mouldering tree,
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

O smile not ! nor think it a worthless thing,
If it be with instruction fraught ;
That which will closest and longest cling
Is alone worth a serious thought !
Should aught be unlovely which thus can shed
Grace on the dying, and leaves on the dead ?

Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him
Who giveth, and upbraideth not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforgot ;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee !

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

THY fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake !
Go put thou forth thy small white rose :
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,

Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
  Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull
  That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
  Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gaudy frill!
  How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
  And thou sing'st hymns to them!
While silent flowers are falling slow,
  And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
  Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
  The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the mossed grey stone
  Hath laid her weary head!
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
  In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
  And boyhood's blossoming hour,
Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
  Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
  In freedom and in joy.

ROUSSEAU AND THE WILD FLOWER.

WHEN known to fame, but not to peace,
  Alone, unfriended, worn with care,
Th' enthusiast bade his wanderings cease,
  And breath'd once more his native air,
And hail'd again the tranquil scene
Where once he roved with heart serene.

The plant that bloom'd along the shore,
  Where there in happier hours he stray'd,
Still flourished gaily as before,
  In all its azure charms array'd;
There still it shone in modest pride,
While all his flowers of joy had died.

It seem'd to say, "Hadst thou, like me,
  Contented bloom'd within the bed
That Nature's hand had form'd for thee,
  When first her dews were on thee shed,
Then had thy blossoms never known
The blast that o'er their buds have blown."

It seem'd to say, "The loveliest flower,
  That keeps unmoved its native sphere,
May brave the season's changeful power,
  And live through many a stormy year;

For mercy guides the fiercest gale,
And halcyon skies again prevail."

Happy are those alone who aim
In duty's quiet path to shine,
And, careless of the meed of fame,
Unseen their fairest garlands twine;
Whilst He, whose eye in secret sees,
To them the Amaranth crown decrees.

SONNET.

FROM "THOUGHTS DURING SICKNESS."

Welcome, O pure and lovely forms, again
Unto the shadowy stillness of my room!
For not alone ye bring a joyous train
Of Summer-thoughts attendant on your bloom-
Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,
Of the low murmurs filling mossy dells,
Of stars that looked down on your folded bells;
Through dewy leaves, of many a wild perfume
Greeting the wanderer of the hill and grove
Like sudden music; more than this ye bring—
Far more; ye whisper of the all-fostering love,
Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dove-like wing
Broods o'er the sufferer drawing fevered breath,
Whether the couch be that of life or death.

COWSLIPS.

OH ! fragrant dwellers of the lea,
When first the wild wood rings
With each sound of vernal minstrelsy,
When fresh the green grass springs !

What can the blessed spring restore
More gladdening than your charms?
Bringing the memory once more
Of lovely fields and farms!

Of thickets, breezes, birds, and flowers;
Of life's unfolding prime;
Of thoughts as cloudless as the hours;
Of souls without a crime.

Oh ! blessed, blessed do ye seem,
For, even now, I turned,
With soul athirst for wood and stream,
From streets that glared and burned.

From the hot town, where mortal care
His crowded fold doth pen;
Where stagnates the polluted air
In many a sultry den.

And are ye here? and are ye here?
Drinking the dew-like wine,
Midst living gales and waters clear,
And heaven's unstinted shine?

I care not that your little life
Will quickly have run through,
And the sward, with summer children rife,
Keep not a trace of you.

For again, again, on dewy plain,
I trust to see you rise,
When spring renews the wild wood strain,
And bluer gleam the skies.

Again, again, when many springs
Upon my grave shall shine,
Here shall you speak of vanished things,
To living hearts of mine.

LET US GO TO THE WOODS.

Let us go to the woods—'tis a bright sunny day:
They are mowing the grass, and at work with the hay.

Come over the meadow, and scent the fresh air,
For the pure mountain breezes are everywhere.
We'll follow this winding path up to the hills,
And spring with a lightsome foot over the rills.
Up, up—it grows sweeter the higher we get,
With the flowers of the season that linger here
yet.

Nay, pause not to gaze at the landscape now;
It is finer when seen from the high hill's brow.
We will gather all curious flowers as we go;
The sweet and the scentless, and those that bend
low;
The pale and the gaudy, the tiny, the tall,
From the vine, from the shrub, we will gather
them all.

Now here's the Clematis, all graceful and fair;
You may set it like pearls in the folds of your
hair.
And if for your bosom you'd have a bouquet,
Here's the Meadow-pink sweet, and the Touch-
me-not gay.
Here's the full-blown Azalea, perfuming the air;
Here's the Cardinal-flower, that a princess
might wear;
And the wild mountain Phlox, pink, and purple,
and blue,
And Star-flowers both white and of golden hue.

And here's a bright blossom, a gay one indeed,
Our mountain-maids name it the Butterfly-
weed;
So gorgeous its colours, one scarcely can tell
If the flower or the insect in beauty excel.

Here's the low dwarf Acacia, that droops as it
grows,
And its leaves, as you gather them, tremble and
close;
And near us, I know by her breath on the gale,
Is the tall yellow Primrose, so pretty and pale.

Here's the Pigeon-pea, fit for a fairy's bowers,
And the purple Thrift, straightest and primmest
of flowers.
Here is Privet, no prettier shrub have we met;
And the Midsummer-daisy is hiding here yet.

But stay—we are now on the high hill's brow!
How bright lie the fields in the sunlight below!
Do you see those white chimneys that peep o'er
the grove?
'Tis your own little cottage, the home that you
love:
Let us go to the fields where the Chinquapins
are,
And through the long lane where the Chestnuts
hang fair,

They are scarcely yet ripe, but their tender green
Looks lovely the dark clustering foliage between:
And we'll stop at the nest we found in the wood,
And see if the blackbird hath flown with her brood:
And we'll list to the mocking-bird, wondering thereat,
Till he pauses, as if to ask, "Who can do that?"
We will listen and gaze, for the lowliest thing
Some lesson of worth to the mind can bring.
If we read Nature's book with a serious eye,
Not a leaf but some precious thought on it doth lie:
And 'tis good to go forth among scenes like these,
Amid music and sunshine, and flowers and trees
If 'twere only to waken the deep love that springs
At the sight of all lovely and innocent things.

TO A DAISY.

Bright flower, whose home is everywhere!
A pilgrim bold, in Nature's care,
And oft, the long year through, the heir
Of joy or sorrow;

Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest through!

And wherefore? Man is soon deprest;
A thoughtless thing who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason:
But thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind;
A hope for times that are unkind,
And every season.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

HAVE you seen, when Aurora the east is adorning,
Have you seen a young maiden, (unnoticed by few,)
With her basket of nosegays, as fresh as the morning,
Hie o'er yon green meadows, yet sprinkled with dew?

Tho' fortune frowns on her, and want may be
pressing,
Her heart seems as happy and light as the
gale;
No father has she—yet a mother's fond blessing
Goes with her each morn from her cot in the
dale.

Have you seen the young rose, when its bud is
expanding?
'Tis an emblem of her, nor more fair to the
view:
Have you seen the fresh violet with pearl-drops
depending?
It is not more bright than her eye's lovely
blue.

Her pinks and her roses, bound neatly with
rushes,
How sweet their perfume! and how fair to
the eye!
But *neither* can vie with her cheeks' modest
blushes,
When she curt'sies, and asks the young stran-
ger to buy!

May the heart, lovely maid, that can ever deceive
thee—
First steal thy affections in life's early hours,

And to the wide world then unfeelingly leave
thee—
May that heart never prosper, but fade like
thy flowers!

THE EGLANTINE.

The Eglantine delights to grow
Where gentle zephyr-breezes blow;
Nor claims she the exotic bower.
Oh, no! she is an English flower.
A pretty simple flower art thou,
And fit to grace the virgin's brow,
If simple elegance might dare,
But for one moment, revel there.
She loves the wild intricate maze,
Secluded from the vulgar gaze;
Nor do her silken leaves so fair
Unfold to tempt the vicious there.
In yonder lone, sequester'd dell,
Where memory often loves to dwell,
I saw the sweetest eglantine
That ever bloom'd 'mid Nature's green.
Sometimes I snatch that fairy gem,
I move it from its parent stem,
For, with the bee, I aye would share
Its sweets, and seek it everywhere!

I love thee, simple eglantine,
Thou fairest gem on Nature's green;
I love thee most in Nature's bower,
Thou wild, yet pretty, hardy flower.
Fair eglantine! thou lov'st to grow
Where soft the zephyr-breezes blow;
Thou claimest not the exotic bower.
Oh, no! thou art an English flower!

LINES

SUGGESTED BY RECEIVING SOME SNOWDROPS FROM A LADY IN WILTSHIRE, IN THE EARLY PART OF FEB. 1843.

HAIL! white-robed heralds of the spring;
And dare ye brave our wintry sky?
Hope's dearest children, for ye bring
Your parent's message—"Spring is nigh!"

Say, in the south, has Boreas fled?
Are ye from winter's rule set free?
Or did ye peer from shelter'd bed,
When rudely pluck'd by Emily?

While on your withering forms I look,
Poor trembling flow'rets! ye appear
Like fair leaves rent from nature's book—
Sweet preface to the floral year.

With magic power, yet humble grace,
Ye bid "fair memory's" stream to flow,
Reflecting, on its glassy face,
Past times and scenes, and Winterslow.*

How sweet was then the quiet hour,
When the day melted in the west;
When earthly ties had lost their power,
And earthly cares did not molest.

Hark! do my wandering senses mock?—
No!—they are sounds I know too well—
The bleating of yon fleecy flock,
The tinkling of its silvery bell.

And o'er the fading downs behold
E'en Sarum's noble spire arise!
Pointing, through floating clouds of gold—
A glorious pathway to the skies.

It is not so—the vision's gone.
I try to grasp the form I see.
The spell is broken—I'm alone—
That form was thine, my Emily.

* A village near Salisbury.

THE SHADED FLOWER.

FROM a dark cloud's breast a rain-drop fell,
In a grateful summer shower,
Through the tangled leaves of a vine-clad dell,
Till it rested at last on the opening bell
Of a little shaded flower.

Then the sun looked forth, and his gladd'ning beam,
Soon drank the shower-dew up;
He smiled on the mountain, the valley and stream,
But he did not kiss, with his warm, bright gleam,
The drop in the blossom's cup.

'How sad is my fate!' the floweret sighed,
With the glittering weight oppress'd;
'My sisters smile in their graceful pride,
While I am condemn'd this load to hide
Within my trembling breast!'

Then she bowed her head on her fragile stem,
And slept through the long still night;
But when she awoke, the prisoned gem
Shone like a glorious diadem,
As it flashed in the morning light!

With magic power, yet humble grace,
  Ye bid "fair memory's" stream to flow,
Reflecting, on its glassy face,
  Past times and scenes, and Winterslow.*

How sweet was then the quiet hour,
  When the day melted in the west;
When earthly ties had lost their power,
  And earthly cares did not molest.

Hark! do my wandering senses mock?—
  No!—they are sounds I know too well—
The bleating of yon fleecy flock,
  The tinkling of its silvery bell.

And o'er the fading downs behold
  E'en Sarum's noble spire arise!
Pointing, through floating clouds of gold—
  A glorious pathway to the skies.

It is not so—the vision's gone.
  I try to grasp the form I see.
The spell is broken—I'm alone—
  That form was thine, my Emily.

*A village near Salisbury.

THE SHADED FLOWER.

FROM a dark cloud's breast a rain-drop fell,
In a grateful summer shower,
Through the tangled leaves of a vine-clad dell,
Till it rested at last on the opening bell
Of a little shaded flower.

Then the sun looked forth, and his gladd'ning beam,
Soon drank the shower-dew up;
He smiled on the mountain, the valley and stream,
But he did not kiss, with his warm, bright gleam,
The drop in the blossom's cup.

'How sad is my fate!' the floweret sighed,
With the glittering weight oppress'd;
'My sisters smile in their graceful pride,
While I am condemn'd this load to hide
Within my trembling breast!'

Then she bowed her head on her fragile stem,
And slept through the long still night;
But when she awoke, the prisoned gem
Shone like a glorious diadem,
As it flashed in the morning light!

The scorching sun, at the noontide hour,
  Looked down on the blossoms gay;
They drooped and paled 'neath his withering
    power,
All save the little shaded flower,
  And she quailed not beneath his ray.

Then to glisten afar in the rainbow's dye,
  He bade the drops depart;
But the flower looked up with a trusting eye—
Though the dew no more on her breast might lie,
  It had freshened the life at her heart.

And is it not thus in adversity's hour,
  When the soul is with grief oppress'd,
Our spirits droop 'neath misfortune's power,
And we nurse, like the little shaded flower,
  A sorrow in the breast.

And may we not hope, when our grief is not fled,
  That a stronger faith will be given?
And the tears which our burdened hearts have
    shed,
Shall form, when the night of gloom is sped,
  A rainbow of hope in heaven?

THE LILY.

THERE is a pale and modest flower,
In garb of green array'd,
That decks the rustic maiden's bower,
And blossoms in the glade:
Though other flowers around me bloom,
In gaudy splendour drest,
Filling the air with rich perfume,
I love the Lily best.

I see the tulip's gorgeous hue,
And sun-flower's crown of gold;
I see the rose and woodbine too
Their scented leaves unfold:
Though they adorn the gay parterre,
I love them not so well
As the drooping Lily, frail and fair,
That grows in shady dell.

THE CHILD'S GARDEN.

BENEATH the budding lilacs,
A little maiden sighed—
The first flower in her garden,
That very morn, had died.

A primrose tuft, transplanted,
And watered every day,
One yellow bud had opened,
And then it pined away.

I thought, as that child's sorrow
Rose wailing in the air,
My heart gave forth an echo,
Long bound in silence there.

For though time brings us roses,
And golden fruits beside,
We've all some desert garden
Where life's first primrose died.

FLOWERS.

Bowing adorers of the gale,
Ye Cowslips, delicately pale,
Upraise your loaded stems;
Unfold your cups in splendour, speak!
Who decked you with that ruddy streak,
And gilt your golden gems?

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,
In purple's richest pride arrayed,
Your errand here fulfil;

Go, bid the artist's simple strain
Your lustre imitate in vain,
And match your Maker's skill.

Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,
Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
That stud the velvet sod;
Open to spring's refreshing air,
In sweetest smiling bloom declare
Your Maker, and my God.

THE MICHAELMAS DAISY.

THERE'S a sweet little cot in the Emerald Isle,
With its turf-floor and arm-chair so decent and aisy;
The sun shines upon it in one golden smile,
And sweetly beside grows the Michaelmas Daisy.

That plant is more prized than the woodbine or brier,
Tho' tufts of green shamrock beside them are growing;
For it lights up a spark that will never expire,
And a vein in my heart that will ever keep flowing.

'Twas my father's pet plant, and he gave it to
me,
When my poor mother died, and he almost
grew crazy ;
And now he has gone all acro ss the salt sea,
And has left me to guard his sweet Michael-
mas Daisy.

There's a lad that I love, and he lives in the glen,
In his nate little cottage he waits for my com-
ing ;
He says I must wed to be happy again,
For my mother is dead, and my father is
roaming.

But I tell him I'll wait till the winter comes on,
And the long dark November days dreary and
hazy ;
And then, if my poor father does not return,
I will go, and will carry my Michaelmas Daisy.

TO A FADED FLOWER.

I LOVE, I love to gaze on thee,
Thou faded little flower ;
A relic of the past art thou,
Child of the summer bower :

The hand that plucked thee, years ago,
  Is cold and lifeless now;
Yet for her sake who sleeps in death,
  How dear to me art thou,
      Sweet relic of the past!

Thy tinted petals wither'd lie,
  Thy beauty now hath fled,
Like those fond hopes which, mournfully,
  I buried with the dead;
What *has been* is thy all in all;
  What *is* is nought to thee;
For though it never may return,
  How sweet to memory
      Are visions of the past!

And yet thy gay career was not
  All sunshine, joy, and rest;
She pluck'd thee when a raindrop lay
  And glisten'd on thy breast;
And thus will I recall the joys
  Of many a bygone year;
On my heart's memory there lies
  A large and heavy tear—
      Love's tribute of the past.

THE WILD ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

A BOY espied, in morning light,
A little rose-bud blowing ;
'Twas so delicate and bright,
That he came to feast his sight,
And wonder at its growing.
Rose-bud, rose-bud, rose-bud red,
Rose-bud brightly blowing!

I will gather thee—he cried—
Rose-bud brightly blowing!
Then I'll sting thee, it replied,
And you'll quickly start aside
With the prickle glowing.
Rose-bud, rose-bud, rose-bud red,
Rose-bud brightly blowing!

But he pluck'd it from the plain,
The rose-bud brightly blowing!
It turned and stung him, but in vain—
He regarded not the pain,
Homeward with it going.
Rose-bud, rose-bud, rose-bud red,
Rose-bud brightly blowing!

A MOTHER'S DIRGE

OVER HER CHILD.

BRING me flowers all young and sweet,
That I may strew the winding-sheet,
Where calm thou sleepest, baby fair,
With roseless cheek and auburn hair.

Bring me the rosemary, whose breath
Perfumed the wild and desert heath;
The lily of the vale, which, too,
In silence and in beauty grew.

Bring cypress from some sunless spot;
Bring me the blue forget-me-not;
That I may strew them o'er thy bier,
With long-drawn sigh and gushing tear.

Oh what upon this earth doth prove
So stedfast as a mother's love?
Oh, what on earth can bring relief
Or solace to a mother's grief?

No more, my baby, shalt thou lie,
With drowsy smiles and half-shut eye,

Pillowed upon my fostering breast,
Serenely sinking into rest!

The grave must be thy cradle now;
The wild flowers o'er thy breast shall grow,
While still my heart, all full of thee,
In widowed solitude shall be.

No taint of earth, no thought of sin,
E'er dwelt thy stainless breast within;
And God hath laid thee down to sleep,
Like a pure pearl below the deep.

Yea! from mine arms thy soul hath flown
Above, and found the heavenly throne,
To join that blest angelic ring,
And aye around the altar sing.

I thought, when years had rolled away,
That thou wouldst be my age's stay;
And often have I dreamt to see
The boy—the youth—the man, in thee;

But thou hast past! for ever gone,
To leave me childless and alone,
Like Rachel weeping tear on tear,
And looking not for comfort here!

Farewell, my child, the dews shall fall
At noon and evening o'er thy pall;
And daisies, when the vernal year
Revives, upon thy turf appear.

The earliest snow-drop there shall spring,
And lark delight to fold his wing;
And roses pale and lilies fair,
With perfume load the summer air!

Adieu, my babe! if life were long,
This would be even a heavier song;
But years, like phantoms, quickly pass;
They look to us from memory's glass.

Soon on death's couch shall I recline;
Soon shall my head be laid with thine;
And sundered spirits meet above,
To live for evermore in love.

SONNET TO THE BUTTERCUP.

Will no one sing of thee, thou pleasing flower,
With livelier tint than daisy e'er put on?
Who, when warm Phœbus gives to May her
dower,
Smiling art seen the grass-green meads among;

What time the cuckoo tunes his mellow flute,
And on the sward the grasshopper we hear;
'Tis then all gaily in thy yellow suit
A smiling floral star thou dost appear.
Memory wipes off the dust of time, and brings
Sweet recollections of those joyous hours,
When wandering gladly near Dove's pleasant springs,
I culled a copious harvest of thy flowers;
With pinafore filled out—a venturous boy,
I tumbled in the grass, and shouted wild for joy.

SONNET TO THE SNOWDROP.

Full oft the poet has essayed to sing
  Thy merits, simple flower; nor quite in vain.
  Yet not to thee may I devote the strain
Of eulogy; but to that glorious king,
Who bids thy silver bell his praises ring,
  And doth thy leaves so delicately vein,
  Making thee meek and modest through thy mien,
The darling of the progeny of spring.
Ay, many a brighter flower the vernal gale
  Will kiss, but none to which affection clings
  As unto thee; who, as the strong sun flings
His brightness on thee, dost so meekly veil

Thy face ; as at the Light celestials hail,
The seraphim theirs cover with their wings.

THE NIGHT-BLOWING STOCK.

COME, look at this plant with its narrow pale
leaves,
And its tall, thin, delicate stem,
Thickly studded with flowers! yes with—there
they are!
Don't you see at each joint there's a little brown
star,
But in truth there's no beauty in them.
So you ask why I keep it, the mean little thing,
Why I stick it up here just in sight?
'Tis a fancy of mine, a strange fancy you say,
No accounting for tastes!—in this instance you
may,
For the flower——but I'll tell you, to-night:
Some six hours hence, when the Lady Moon
Looks down on the bastion wall,
And the glittering stars dance silently
On the rippling surface of the sea,
And the heavy night-dews fall;—

Then meet me again in this casement niche,
 On the spot where we're standing now,—
Nay! question not wherefore,—perchance with
 me,
To look on the night and the bright broad sea,
 And to hear its majestic flow.
Well, we're met here again, and the moonlight
 sleeps
 On the sea and the bastion wall.
And the flowers below—how the night-wind
 brings
Their delicious breath on its dewy wings,
 But there's one, say you, sweeter than all!
Which is it? the lily, or jessamine, or their sove-
 reign lady, the rose,
 Or the heliotrope, or the virgin's-bower?—
 What, neither? Ah no, 'tis some other flower
Far sweeter than any of those!
Far sweeter! and where, think you, dwelleth the
 plant
 That exhaleth such perfume rare?
Look about up and down, but take care, or you'll
 break,
With your elbow, that poor little thing that's so
 weak;—
 Why, 'tis that smells so sweet, I declare!
Ah, ha! have you found out now
 Why I cherish the odd little fright?

All is not gold that glitters, you know;
And 'tis not always worth makes the greatest show,
In the glare of the strongest light!
There are human flowers, full many, I ween,
As unlovely as that by your side,
That the common observer passes by,
With a scornful lip and a careless eye,
In the heyday of pleasure and pride!
But take one of these to some quiet spot,
From the mid-day sun's broad glare,
Where peace and content brood with dove-like wing,
And see if the homely despised thing
May not yield sweet perfume there;
And judge not again at a single glance,
Nor pass sentence hastily;
There are many bright things, in this world of ours,
Rare weeds, and strange plants, that prove precious flowers,
Little dreamt of by you, or by me.

THE SWEET-BRIER.

Our sweet autumnal western-scented wind
Robs of its odour none so sweet a flower,
In all the blooming waste it left behind,
As that the sweet-brier yields it; and the shower
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower
One half so lovely; yet it grows along
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door.
Such are the simple folks it dwells among;
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate;
Its sweetness all is of my native land;
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate
Among the perfumes which the rich and great
Buy from the odours of the spicy East.
You love *your* flowers and plants; and will you hate
The little four-leaved rose that I love best,
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest?

THE LILY'S WHISPER.

"Bow down thy head, thou born of clay,—
Bow down thy head to me,"
A drooping Lily seemed to say,
As sank the footsteps of the day,
Upon the grassy lea.

Its dewy lips to mine I prest,
And drank its stifled sigh;
A tear-drop lay within its breast,—
"Hast thou a woe to be confess'd,
Thou favourite of the sky?"

"Two buds beside my heart awoke,
More pure than opening day—,
But lo! a hand with sudden stroke
From my embrace these idols broke,
And bore them hence away."

Still deeper seem'd the Lily's tone
My listening ear to greet:
"Think not for sympathy alone
That thus to thee I make my moan,
Though sympathy is sweet.

"No. Be my wound thy lesson made ;
We love your nobler race,
Whose lot it is like ours to fade,
Like ours, to see in darkness laid
Your blossom's wither'd grace.

"So, let the Will Supreme be blest ;
And still, with spirit meek,
Shut rebel tear-drops in your breast,
And wear, as badge of Heaven's sweet rest
Its smile upon your cheek."

THE MINISTRY OF FLOWERS.

Flowers ! Flowers ! the poetry of earth,
Impulsive, pure, and wild ;
With what a strange delight they fill
The wandering, mirthful child !
It clasps their leaflets close a while,
Then strews them wide around ;
For life hath many a joy to spare
Along its opening bound.

The maiden twines them in her hair,
And, 'mid that shining braid,
How fair the violet's eye of blue,
And the faint rose-bud's shade !

Upon her polish'd neck they blush,
  In her soft hand they shine,
And better crown those peerless charms
  Than all Golconda's mine.

Above the floating bridal veil
  The white Camellia rears
Its innocent and tranquil eye,
  To calm young beauty's fears;
And when her hoary age recalls
  The memories of that hour,
Blent with the heaven-recorded vow
  Will gleam that stainless flower.

The matron fills her crystal vase
  With gems that Summer lends,
Or groups them round the festal board
  To greet her welcome friends;
Her husband's eye is on the skill
  With which she decks his bower;
And dearer is his praise to her,
  Than earth's most precious flower.

Frail gifts we call them, prone to fade
  Ere the brief spring is o'er;
Though down the smitten strong man fall,
  Returning never more.
Time wears away the arch of rock;
  And rends the ancient throne,
Yet back they come, unchang'd, as when
  On Eden's breast they shone.

How passing beautiful they are,
  On youth's unclouded plain;
And yet we scarcely know their worth
  Till life is on its wane:
Then grows their love a deeper thing,
  As our long path-way tends
Down 'mid the withering plants of hope,
  And graves of buried friends.

Like ready comforters, they bend,
  If sorrow pales the cheek,
And to the sad, desponding heart,
  An angel's message speak;
While, to the listening mourner's ear,
  They fondly seem to say
The words of those departed ones,
  Who sleep in mouldering clay.

We nurse them in our casement warm,
  When Winter rules the year,
And see them raise their graceful form,
  The darkest day to cheer;
Within our coffin-lid they glow,
  When death hath had his will;
And o'er our pillow in the dust
  They bend and blossom still.

Yes, o'er our cradle-bed they creep,
  With rich and sweet perfume;
Around the marriage altar twine,
  And cheer the darksome tomb;

They whisper to the faithful dead,
With their fresh vernal breath,
That such his rising hour shall be,
Through Him who conquer'd death.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower! I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mould;
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt thy passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk,
But, 'midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I pass'd thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried;
I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And coloured with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dress'd,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare, and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to Heaven, as I depart.

THE PRIMROSE.

The milk-white blossoms of the thorn
Are waving o'er the pool,
Mov'd by the wind that breathes along
So sweetly and so cool.

The hawthorn clusters bloom above;
  The primrose hides below,
And on the lonely passer-by
  A modest glance doth throw.

The humble primrose' bonnie face
  I meet it everywhere;
Where other flowers disdain to bloom,
  It comes and nestles there.
Like God's own light, on every place
  In glory it doth fall:
And where its dwelling-place is made,
  It straightway hallows all.

Where'er the green-winged linnet sings,
  The primrose bloometh lone;
And love it wins—deep love—from all
  Who gaze its sweetness on.
On field-paths narrow, and in woods,
  We meet thee near and far,
Till thou becomest prized and loved,
  As things familiar are.

The stars are sweet at eventide,
  But cold, and far away;
The clouds are soft in summer time,
  But all unstable they:
The rose is rich—but pride of place
  Is far too high for me—

God's simple common things I love—
My primrose, such as thee!

I love the fireside of my home,
Because all sympathies,
The feelings fond of every day,
Around its circle rise.
And while admiring all the flowers
That summer suns can give,
Within my heart the primrose sweet
In lowly love doth live!

LOVE SHUT OUT OF A FLOWER-GARDEN.

Close the porch and bar the door!
Onward may thy footsteps stray:
Never more in idle hour
Bend thou here thy treacherous way.

Heart's-ease trembles all around,
As thy wild breath wanders by;
Roses to thy bosom bound—
Yield their latest, sweetest sigh.

Cruel boy!—abjured and scorned,
Here thy blushing trophies glow;

Love-lies-bleeding all around—
  Speed thee! dangerous vagrant!—go!

Where yon fountain sparkles clear,
  Low beneath its willowy shade,
Nurslings of one parent born,
  Love and Idleness have played.

Where yon wild-rose flaunts her flowers,
  (Once its garlands bound my hair,)
Changed for me those sunny hours,
  Thou thy thorn hast planted there.

Frailest Woodbine, all untwined,
  Wanders here forlorn and free;
Emblems of the maiden's mind,
  Who has placed her trust in thee.

How, within my calm retreat,
  Could thy truant footsteps stray?
Bowed beneath thy breath's control,
  Did my steadiest fence give way.

Passion's-flowers are past and gone:
  Still around one lovely spot,
All her turquoise gem unchanged,
  Blooms the meek Forget-me-not.

Once beneath thy fickle power,
  Glowed the hour, or gloomed the day;
Now my chastened bosom owns
  Wisdom's rule and reason's sway.

Leave me to the new-found peace;
  Leave me to my late repose:
Here at length my troubles cease—
  Here my heart forgets its woes.

Joy of purer influence born,
  Hope of loftier aim, I know—
Now thy stormy power I scorn:
  Leave me, child!—thou need'st must go.

Art thou fled without a word?
  Closed the porch and barred the door?
Are thy loved companions gone?
  Fair-haired youth had flown before.

Must I from each idol part;
  To each transport bid adieu,
Which around my youthful heart
  Once its blest delusions threw?

Yet, sweet Love! with tears and grief,
  I thy wings receding see;
Sorrow still on parting waits,—
  Hope and joy retire with thee!

THE NORTH-WIND AND THE SNOW-DROP.

WITH fury arm'd, a northern blast
Once o'er our cottage garden pass'd,
Roaring as if its errand there
Had been, with ruthless haste, to tear
From earth each embryo bud or flower,
It bore in that tempestuous hour.

A snow-drop, which had cast aside,
That morn, that veil which strove to hide
Its humble beauties, from the ground
Foretold, while tempests yet were round,
That winter soon would lose its power.
The blast perceived the prophet flower;
And thus, like one provok'd and stung,
By bitter truth from dauntless tongue,
To headlong wrath, in words that made
The snow-drop tremble, rudely said,
"What dost thou here, intrusive guest?
Wither and die! the tulip, drest,
By nature, in her richest hues;
And clustering roses, which diffuse
The sweetest fragrance, here display
Their varied charms; and, not less gay

Ten thousand other flow'rs unfold
Their purple, crimson, green, and gold,
When spring bestows its fruitful show'rs,
And summer suns revive the bow'rs.
Obtrude not then thy sickly form;
Bend thy pale head beneath the storm;
Or fall, and, with'ring into dust,
Decay, as all presumption must!
But, ere I sweep thy leaves away,
What hast thou for thyself to say?"
Then resting in its wild career,
The north-wind hush'd its breath to hear.
The timid snow-drop thus replied,
"Oh! charge me not with forward pride.
I come, when none of Flora's train,
Except myself, are on the plain.
I venture into sight, before
The woodbine wreathes the cottage door;
Before the very crocus throws
Its mimic flames among the snows;
Ere yet the earliest daffodil
Has blown; and only linger till
Expanding buds announce that, soon,
New charms will grace the vernal noon;
But long before the tulip blooms,
Or roses shed their rich perfumes,
I from the crowded scene retire;
Court not the glance which may admire
Their forms and hues: and, on my stem
Declining, never rival them;

But wish, and hope, to please the eye
Which finds no other flow'ret nigh."

Apparently the northern blast
Was pleas'd with what it heard;— it pass'd
Drove the dark threat'ning clouds along,
Raised 'midst the forest trees its song,
Rent the tall pine, and from the oak
Its bare snd ragged branches broke;
But spared the early garden flower
To live through its tempestuous hour,
That it might teach the proud and great,
That, even in his humbler state,
The meanest follower in their train
Has not been placed on earth in vain.

HEART'S EASE.

In gardens oft a beauteous flower there grows,
By vulgar eyes unnoticed and unseen;
In sweet security it humbly blows,
And rears its purple head to deck the green.

This flower, as nature's poet sweetly sings,
Was once milk-white, and Heart's-ease was its name,
Till wanton Cupid poised his roseate wings,
A vestal's sacred bosom to inflame.

With treacherous aim, the god his arrow drew,
Which she with icy coldness did repel;
Rebounding thence, with feathery speed it flew,
Till on this lovely flower, at last, it fell.

Heart's-ease no more the wandering shepherd found;
No more the nymphs its snowy form possess;
Its white now changed to purple by Love's wound,
Heart's-ease no more,—'tis Love-in-Idleness.

THE DEAD ROSE.

Oh rose! who dares to name thee?
No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor sweet
But pale, and hard, and dry, as stubble-wheat,—
Kept seven years in a drawer—thy titles shame thee.

The breeze that used to blow thee,
Between the hedge-row thorns, and take away
An odour up the lane, to last all day,—
If breathing now,—unsweetened would forego thee.

The sun that used to smite thee,
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,
Till beam appeared to bloom, and flower to
burn,—
If shining now,— with not a hue would light
thee.

The dew that used to wet thee,
And, white first, grow incarnadined, because
It lay upon thee where the crimson was,—
If dropping now,—would darken where it
met thee.

The fly that lit upon thee,
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet
Along the leaf's pure edges, after heat,—
If lighting now,—would coldly overrun thee.

The bee that once did suck thee,
And build thy perfumed amber up his hive,
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive,—
If passing now,—would blindly overlook thee.

The heart doth recognise thee,
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most com-
plete—
Though seeing now those changes that dis-
guise thee.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee
More love, dead rose! than to such roses bold
As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!—
Lie still upon this heart—which breaks below
thee!

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE SIGHT OF SOME LATE AUTUMN FLOWERS.

THESE few pale, Autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why? they are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirred,
That whisper of the past!

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers,
Ye're types of precious things;
Types of those better moments
That flit, like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings;

Last hours with parting dear ones
(That time the fastest spends);
Last tears in silence shed;
Last words half uttered;
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day,—
The last day spent with one
Who, ere to-morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye?

O precious, precious moments,
Pale flowers! ye're types of those;
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale, perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath;
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows;
Tell me of change and death!

LINES TO THE DAISY.

On mead or moor, where'er we stray,
We love to see thee, every day;
Nor would we harm thy little stem,
Thou pretty little modest gem.
We love to see thee every where,
Dancing amidst the zephyr's air,
Or blooming in some sylvan nook,
Or fringing some enchanting brook.
  Where'er we meet, in mead or bower,
  We claim thee, little English flower.
Of thousands here more gaily drest,
We love thee, little daisy, best.

O'er mead or moor, where'er we stray,
We see thee, love thee, every day.
Here thousands woo, with gorgeous dye,
But none so modest meets the eye.
These varied hues with thee would share
The love thy humble cup we bear.
Still none we prize so much as thee,
Thou fairy gem of mossy lea.
  Where'er we meet, in mead or bower,
  We claim this little English flower.
Of thousands here more gaily drest,
We love thee, little flow'ret, best.

On mead or moor, where'er we be
Thy fringed cup we long to see.
Here tipt with oriental dye,
To witch and please th' enamour'd eye,
We love this pretty lovely flower,
Simplest form in nature's bower;
And though as some not half so gay,
Thou art the gem of gen'rous May.
  Where'er we meet, in mead or bower,
  We claim this little English flower.
Of thousands here more gaily drest,
We love thee most—we love thee best.

THE POOR MAN'S FLOWERS.

AROUND the rich man's trellised bower
  Gay, costly creepers run:
The poor man has his scarlet-beans
  To screen him from the sun.

And there, before the little bench,
  O'ershadowed by the bower,
Grow southernwood and lemon-thyme,
  Sweet-pea and gillyflower;

And pinks and clove-carnations,
Rich scented, side by side;
And at each end a holly-hock,
With an edge of London-pride.

And here, on Sabbath evenings,
Until the stars are out,
With a little one on either hand,
He walketh all about.

For, though his garden-plot is small,
Him doth it satisfy;
For there's no inch of all his ground
That does not fill his eye.

It is not with the rich man thus;
For, though his grounds are wide,
He looks beyond, and yet beyond,
With soul unsatisfied.

THE FLOWER QUEEN.

Tell me, sweet Sister, have you seen
Earth's fairest child—the Flower Queen?
The snow-drop raised her lovely head,
To tell me Winter old was dead.

Oh ! yes, sweet Sister, I have seen
Earth's fairest child, the Flower Queen.
Hear you the wild birds, how they sing,
Welcome, welcome, lovely Spring !
Hail ! hail ! they gaily sing,
Welcome, welcome, lovely Spring.

As from my fairy bower I flew,
The daisy donn'd her dress of dew ;
And violets left there leaflets green,
To welcome Spring, the Flower Queen.
She comes, she comes ! with shout and song ;
I see her tripping 'mid the throng ;
While wood, and mead, and forest ring
With welcomes to the lovely Spring.

TO ——

I SEND thee lilies given to me ;
Though, long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be ;
But yet reject them not as such :
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou beholdst them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine !

The river nobly foams and flows,
  The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
  Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound,
  Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
  To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

TO A FLOWER.

DAWN, gentle flower,
  From the morning earth!
We will gaze and wonder
  At thy wondrous birth!

Bloom, gentle flower!
  Lover of the light,
Sought by wind and shower,
  Fondled by the night

Fade, gentle flower,
  All thy white leaves close;
Having shown thy beauty,
  Time 'tis for repose.

Die, gentle flower,
   In the silent sun!
So!—all pangs are over;
   All thy tasks are done.

Day hath no more glory,
   Though he soars so high;
Thine is all man's story,
   Live—and love—and die!

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of
   the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and mea-
   dows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered
   leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rab-
   bit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the
   shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through
   all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
that lately sprung, and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous
sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves: the gentle race
of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and
good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold
November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely
ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished
long ago;
And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the
summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in
the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in au-
tumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as
falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from
upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still
such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their
wintry home,

Where the sound of dropping nuts is heard
though all the leaves are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the
rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose
fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood, and by the
stream, no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful
beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded
by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the
forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a
life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young
friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with
the flowers.

THE ROSE AND THE DEW-DROP.

A DEW-DROP came from the realms of light,
Borne on the shaft of a sun-beam bright,

And it linger'd awhile on the earth's dull face,
Kissing the daughters of Flora's race,
And wearing, while flirting from bow'r to bow'r,
The varied hue of each favourite flow'r;
But the rose, as it lay on her fragrant breast,
With scorn the child of the clouds addrest;
Cried she, "Are no thanks to my beauty due?
The beauty that lends thy borrow'd hue?
And dar'st thou thanklessly thus to shine
With colours far brighter than e'er were thine?'
The dew-drop blush'd as it said, "'tis true
That to thee I owe all of my roseate hue;
But the gem-like lustre I give to it,
Is, methinks, a reciprocal benefit."

THE TOKEN.

It is a mere wild rosebud,
Quite shallow now, and dry,
Yet there's something wondrous in it,—
Some gleams of days gone by,—
Dear sights and sounds that are to me
The finger-posts of memory,
And stir my heart's blood far below
Its short-lived waves of joy and woe.

Lips must fade and roses wither,
All sweet times be o'er,—
They only smile, and, murmuring "Thither!"
Stay with us no more:
And yet oft-times a look or smile,
Forgotten in a kiss's while,
Years after from the dark will start,
And flash across the trembling heart.

Thou hast given me many roses;
But never one, like this,
O'er-floods both sense and spirit
With such a deep, wild bliss;—
We must have instincts that glean up
Sparse drops of this life in the cup,
Whose taste shall give us all that we
Can prove of immortality.

Earth's stablest things are shadows;
And, in the life to come,
Haply some chance-saved trifle
May tell of this old home;
As now sometimes we seem to find,
In a dark crevice of the mind,
Some relic, which, long pondered o'er,
Hints faintly at a life before.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

[In the Language of Flowers, the Wall-flower is used to express "Fidelity in misfortune."]

OH! thou shalt bloom upon my heart,
And still the rising sigh;
Thy fragrance shall allay the smart,
Nor shall it pass thee by.
An angel-sentiment art thou,
Which happy spirits share,
And as a chaplet on their brow
They wear for ever there.
Oh! yes, thou art the brightest star
That glitters in the sky;
Of faith, of hope, of love, by far
The brightest to the eye.

Whene'er thy careless cup is bent
'Neath morning's pearly dew,
We'll kiss away the sentiment
Which is for ever new.
When noon-day sun hath dried the tear
That hung upon thy breast,
We shall that sentiment revere,
And hail it as the best.

When sober hues of eve we see,
And midnight with her star,
Misfortune's gem—Fidelity,
Will brighter be by far.
Oh! then thou shalt upon my heart
Becalm the rising sigh;
The sentiment shall heal the smart,
Nor shall it pass thee by.

FLORA'S FASHIONS.

When first Madame Flora in public appears,
How modest and neat in her dress!
On her bosom the snowdrop or crocus she wears,
Which simplicity seems to express.

But, like other ladies of changeable taste,
She soon seems ambitious to shine—
The crocus and snowdrop are quickly displaced,
For flowers more gaudy and fine.

And then she puts on her rich "mantle of green,"
Bespangled with purple and gold;
How gay is her air—how enchanting her mien—
How gorgeous and fair to behold!

Sweetbriar and moss-rose her tresses enweave,
When dressed for the sweet month of May;
So lovely she seems—Oh! it makes the heart grieve
That beauty like hers must decay.

For all her gay splendour, by winter's stern pow'r,
Ere long in the dust will be laid,
To moulder and perish—Ah! beauty's a flower
That blooms but to wither and fade.

THE DYING FLOWER.

BEING A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PASSENGER AND A FADING VIOLET.

Droop not, fair flower, there's hope in thee;
The spring again will bloom and burn,
And glory robe the kingly tree,
Whose life is in the sun's return;
And once again its buds will chime
Their peal of joy from viewless bells;
Though, all the long dark winter-time,
They mourned within their dreary cells.

FLOWER.

Alas! no kingly tree am I,
  No marvel of a thousand years:
I cannot dream a winter by,
  And wake with song when spring appears.
At best, my life is kin to death;
  My little all of being flows
From summer's kiss, from summer's breath,
  And sleeps in summer's grave of snows.

PASSENGER.

Yet grieve not! summer may depart,
  And beauty seek a brighter home,
But thou, thou bearest in thy heart
  The germ of many a life to come;
Mayst lightly reck of autumn storms
  Whate'er the individual doom,
Thine essence, blent with other forms,
  Will still shine out in radiant bloom!

FLOWER.

Yes!—moons will wane, and bluer skies
  Breathe blessing forth for flower and tree;
I know, that while the unit dies,
  The myriad live immortally:

But shall my soul survive in them?
Shall I be all I was before?
Vain dream! I wither, soul and stem;
I die, and know my place no more.

The sun may lavish life in them;
His light, in summer morns and eves,
May colour every dewy gem
That sparkles on their tender leaves;
But this will not avail the dead;
The glory of his wond'rous face,
Who now rains lustre on my head,
Can only mock my burial-place.

And woe to me, fond foolish one,
To tempt an all-consuming ray!
To think a flower could love a sun,
Nor feel her soul dissolve away!
Oh, could I be what once I was,
How should I shun his fatal beam
Wrapt in myself, my life should pass
But as a still, dark, painless dream!

But, vainly in my bitterness
I speak the language of despair:
In life, in death, I still must bless
The sun, the light, the cradling air!
Mine early love to them I gave;
And now that yon bright orb on high
Illumines but a wider grave,
For them I breathe my final sigh.

How often soar'd my soul aloft
  In balmy bliss too deep to speak,
When zephyr came, and kissed with soft,
  Sweet incense-breath my blushing cheek!
When beauteous bees and butterflies
  Flew round me in the summer beam,
Or when some virgin's glorious eyes
  Bent o'er me, like a dazzling dream.

Ah, yes, I know myself a birth
  Of that All-wise, All-mighty Love,
Which made the flower to bloom on earth,
  And sun and stars to burn above;
And if, like them, I fade and fall,
  If I but share the common doom,
Let no lament of mine bewail
  My dark descent to Hades' gloom.

Farewell, thou lamp of this green globe!
  Thy light is on my dying face;
Thy glory tints my faded robe,
  And clasps me in a death-embrace!
Farewell, thou balsam-dropping spring!
  Farewell, ye skies, that beam and weep!
Unhoping and unmurmuring,
  I bow my head, and sink to sleep!

POETICAL PORTRAIT.

FLOWERS of the fairest,
And gems of the rarest,
I find and I gather in country or town!
But one still is wanting,
Oh! where is it haunting?
The bud and the jewel must make up my crown.

The rose with its bright heads,
The diamond that light sheds,
Rich as the sunbeam and pure as the snow;
One gives me its fragrance,
The other its radiance,
But the pearl and the lily, where dwell they below?—

'Tis years since I knew thee,
But yet should I view thee
With the eye and the heart of my earliest youth;
And feel my meek beauty
Add impulse to duty,
The love of the fancy to old ties of truth.

The pearl of the deep sea
That flows in my heart free,
Thou rock-planted lily, come hither or send;
'Mid flowers of the fairest,
And gems of the rarest,
I miss thee, I seek thee, my own parted friend.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence its leaves are seen,
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things, with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And, in this wisdom of the Holly tree,
Can emblems see,
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude,

Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I, day by day,
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves a sober hue display,
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly tree?

So, serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem, among the young and gay,
More grave than they,
That, in my age, as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly tree.

ORIGIN OF THE SNOW-DROP.

No fading flowers in Eden grew,
  Nor autumn's withering spread,
Among the trees, a browner hue,
  To show the leaves were dead;
But through the groves and shady dells,
Waving their bright immortal bells,
Were amaranths and asphodels,
Undying in a place that knew
A golden age the whole year through.

But when the angels' fiery bands,
  Guarding the eastern gate,
Told of a broken law's commands,
  And agonies that came too late;—
With "longing, lingering" wish to stay,
And may a fond but vain delay,
That could not while her grief away,
Eve wandered aimless o'er a world
On which the wrath of God was hurled.

Then came the spring's capricious smile,
  And summer sunlight warmed the air,
And autumn's riches served awhile
  To hide the curse that lingered there;

Till o'er the once untroubled sky
Quick driven clouds began to fly,
And moaning zephyrs ceased to sigh,
When winter's storms in fury burst
Upon a world indeed accurst.

And when at last the driving snow,
  A strange, ill-omened sight,
Came whitening all the plains below
  To trembling Eve it seemed—affright,
With shivering cold and terror bowed,
As if each fleecy vapour cloud
Were falling as a snowy shroud,
To form a close-enwrapping pall
For earth's untimeous funeral.

Then all her faith and gladness fled;
  And, nothing left but black despair,
Eve madly wished she had been dead,
  Or never born a pilgrim there;
But, as she wept, an angel bent
His way adown the firmament,
And, on a task of mercy sent,
He raised her up, and bade her cheer
Her drooping heart, and banish fear:

And catching, as he gently spake,
  A flake of falling snow,
He breathed on it, and bade it take
  A form, and bud and blow;

And, ere the flake had reached the earth,
Eve smiled upon the beauteous birth,
That seemed, amid the general dearth
Of living things, a greater prize
Than all her flowers in Paradise.

"This is an earnest, Eve, to thee,"
The glorious angel said,
"That sun and summer soon shall be;
And, though the leaves seem dead,
Yet once again the smiling spring,
With wooing winds, shall swiftly bring
New life to every sleeping thing;
Until they wake, and make the scene
Look fresh again and gaily green."

The angel's mission being ended,
Up to heaven he flew,
But where he first descended,
And where he bade the earth adieu,
A ring of snow-drops formed a posy
Of pallid flowers, whose leaves, unrosy,
Waved like a winged argosy,—
Whose climbing masts, above the sea,
Spread fluttering sail and streamer free

And thus the snow-drop, like the bow
That spans the cloudy sky,
Becomes a symbol whence we know
That brighter days are nigh;

That circling seasons, in a race
That knows no lagging lingering pace,
Shall each the other nimbly chase,
Till Time's departing final day
Sweep snow-drops and the world away!

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

'Twas the clime of the east, 'twas the land of blue
hours,
That taught its fair maidens the Language of
Flowers;
Basking sweet in the gleam of the sun's setting
rays,
And love's exchange making in flower-writ lays.

A sun-flower quartered there tells of the hour
For meeting the maid in the jessamine bow'r.
A bright orange-flower is chastity's dove;
And tulip presented will tell thee of love.
Return not the laurel; oh! send not its bloom,
Nor Marigold yellow, or sad is thy doom;
You better had died ere the ill-fated hour
You sent in exchange the bay-leaf for a flow'r;
If thus her fond favours you scornfully treat,
Her snow-drop, her flowers, will die at her feet;

And never again will the rose-bud appear,
Or the amaranth gemm'd with a crystalline tear ;

'Twas the clime of the east,' twas the land of the sun,
That taught its fair maidens the language they've won ;
They bask in the gleam of the sun's setting rays,
Love's love-exchange making in flower-writ lays.
How lovely to live in that Flora-deck'd land ,
Where flowers form links for the heart and the hand !

TO AN EXILE.

The gaudy flowers of tropic skies
Must scarce yield beauty to a mind
Whose inmost pulse too often sighs
For the sweet blossoms left behind ;
Though richest hues their charms combine
To grace full many a glowing spot,
They cannot with thy feelings twine,
Like England's mourned Forget-me-not.

I know not each proud name they bear,
Those foreign, bright, and gorgeous fl[illegible]
I only know they can't compare
With the beloved ones of ours ;

The flowers that blessed our early years,
  The woodbine and sweet violet,
I gaze on often now with tears,
  Nor canst thou e'er their charms forget.

Or should they in that clime be seen,
  In each sweet shadowy leaf thou'lt trace
Some memory that once has been
  Dear to thine early dwelling-place;
Their very fragrance then would bear
  Thy wandering spirit to the spot
Where last it saw them blossom fair,
  Distant and lorn, yet unforgot.

FANCIES FOR MAY.

'Tis merry in the mead,
  When tree, and flower, and weed,
nfold their tender leaflets to wanton in the Spring;
  When the linnet in the croft,
  And the lark a mile aloft,
d the blackbird in the thicket, attune their Throats to sing.
  Oh! 'tis merry out of doors,
  On the daisy-spangled floors

Of the balmy fields and pastures, in the sweet,
sweet month of May;
When the heart of Youth is light,
And the face of Care grows bright,
And the children leap for gladness in the morning
of the day.

Oh ! 'tis beautiful to see,
How the blushing apple tree,
And the odour-laden hawthorn, andthe cherry
and the sloe,
Have put on their bridal gear,
For the nuptials of the year—
The bridesmaids of the Earth, with their garments
white as snow.
And how the happy Earth,
Growing young again in mirth,
Has prank'd herself in jewels to do honour to the
day—
Of gold and purple bright,
Of azure and of white ;
Her diadem and bracelets, the meadow flowers [illegible]
May.

Come forth, come forth, ye sad !
Look at Nature, and be glad.
Come forth, ye toiling millions, God's uni[illegible]
fair.
Come forth from crowded street,
And cool your feverish feet,

With a trample on the turf, in the pleasant open
air!
The children in the meads
String the buttercups like beads;
Be not too wise to join them, but sport as well as
they;
Come and hear the cuckoo sing,
Come and breathe the breath of Spring,
And gild your life's October with the memories
of May.

DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the milky-way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay.
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
That wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

ON MY FRIEND ROBIN,

VULGARLY CALLED RAGGED.

A MAN of taste is Robinet,
  A dandy, spruce and trim;
Whoe'er would dainty fashions set
  Should go and look at him.

Rob scorns to wear his crimson coat
  As common people do;
He folds and fits it in and out,
  And does it bravely, too.

Oh! Robin loves to prank him rare
  With fringe, and flounce, and all;
Till you'd take him for a lady fair
  Just going to a ball.

Robin's a roguish, merry lad;
  He dances in the breeze,
And looks up, with a greeting glad,
  To the rustling hedge-row trees.

How civilly he beckons in
  The busy Mrs. Bee;
And she tells her store of gossiping
  O'er his honey and his glee.

All joy—all mirth—no carking care,
  No worldly woe has he;
Alack! I wish my lot it were
  To live as happily!

TO AN EARLY BUD.

Sweet emblem of the coming Spring, all hail!
  Thou herald of dark Winter's sure decay,
Whose icy storms no longer will prevail,
  But pass to cold and dreary climes away,
  And gentle Spring resume her wonted sway;

And tuneful birds, whose music echoes shrill
As, in the sunshine of her earliest day,
They flit from bough to bough. And twilight still
Ushers in night, who spreads her mantle o'er each
hill.

O! welcome is thy sight, sweet bud, to me,
A loving wanderer through each flowery dell,
To gaze on Nature's works with ecstasy,
And pluck the heath-flower or the heather-
bell,
In scenes e'en boyhood's youth remembers
well,
And listen to the minstrels of the grove,
Whose gay and cheerful music seems to tell
Of mutual happiness and constant love,
And might thy brighter mind, oh! envious man,
reprove.

THE WHITE ROSE.

The white rose is drooping,
It's leaves fall away;
It's pale form is stooping,
And yields to decay.
How changed since you gave it!
'Twas then fresh and fair;
My pains cannot save it;
'Tis past all repair.

Yet, though it has faded,
It yields its perfume,
As strong, I'm persuaded,
As when 'twas in bloom.
Now dearly I prize it,
Thy love to repay;
I will not despise it,
Though beauty decay.

And thus shall my love be,
When age stamps thy brow;
For then I will love thee
As dearly as now.
When age overtakes thee,
Which may be thy lot,
If beauty forsake thee,
Thy virtue will not.

FADING FLOWERS.

HE leaves are falling from the trees;
The flowers are fading all;
ore chill and boisterous is the breeze,
More hoarse the waterfall;
ky, o'ermantled now with clouds,
ks grey, and waned, and pale;
mist-fog spreads its hoary shrouds
er mountain, grove, and vale.

How lapse our years away! how fade
  The raptures of the mind!
Onward up pass the storm and shade,
  And leave blue skies behind;
Like yellow leaves, around us fall
  The friends best loved and known;
And, when we most have need of all,
  We oft are most alone.

Still more alone! blithe Spring comes round
  Rich Summer circles by;
And Autumn paints with gold the ground,
  Till Winter's storm-blasts fly.
One after one, friends drop away,
  As year on year rolls on;
And month by month, and day by day,
  The old are more alone.

Still more alone! alas! 'tis vain
  New hopes, new hearts to find;
What magic can restore again
  Youth's brightly-vision'd mind?
Age walks amid an alter'd world,
  Mid bustling crowds unknown
New scenes hath novelty unfurl'd,
  And left the old alone.

"Sere leaves that dangle from Life's tree"
  Thus speaks the hoary head—
"A relic of the past are We,
  A remnant of the dead;

Like emblems of forlorn decay,
We linger to the last;
But Death's long night shall turn to day,
When Time itself is past!"

A DREAM OF THE COUNTRY.

Let's go to the lonely plain—
Scene of Nature's peaceful reign,
Where the flowerets' bloom,
And their sweet perfume,
Bring peace to the troubled brain.

There the free birds' merry song
Drowns thoughts of many a wrong
Encounter'd in life,
In the jarring strife
Of a selfish worldly throng.

Hear the murmur of the stream;
See its tiny billows gleam,
When the fairy rays
Of the sun's bright gaze
On its restless bosom beam!

The bee's continual hum,
And the wood's light rustling, come

Sweetly o'er the scene
While the sky serene
Is a blue and a spotless dome.

Let us wander 'mong the flowers
That adorn sweet Nature's bowers;
How fair they are seen,
'Mid the leafy green,
In the summer's gladsome hours!

Night their buds of varied hue
Bends 'neath drops of crystal dew;
They drop their meek heads
Till the pearly beads
Fly fast from the day-god's view.

A life 'mong the flowers for me!
From the noise of men's haunts free
'Neath the waving trees,
In the cooling breeze,
Would my spirit love to be.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

FLOWERS! flowers! bright, merry-faced flowers!
I bless ye in joyous or saddened hours!
I love ye dearly,
Ye look so cheerly.
n Summer, Autumn, Winter, or Spring,
A flower is to me the loveliest thing
That hath its birth
On this chequered earth:—
Oh! who will not chorus the lay I sing?

Flowers! flowers! who loveth them not?
Who hath his childhood's sports forgot?
When daisies white,
And king-cups bright,
And snow-drops, cowslips, and daffodils,
ured us to meadows, and woods, and rills;
And we wandered on,
Till a wreath was won
f the heather-bells crowning the far-off hills!

A SPRING DITTY.

THE Spring! the Spring! the blithesome Spring
When wild flowers bloom, and wild birds sing;
Without a wither'd or waning leaf,
To waken a single thought of grief:
O! well may feeling and fancy cling
To the glad return of blithesome Spring.

On the sunny bank of the grassy lane,
The tufts of primroses bloom again;
And beneath, as lovely and sweeter yet,
Is hidden the modest violet;
While the wild bee, round them, on restless wing
Makes music to welcome the merry Spring.

And higher up, in the bright blue sky,
The lark warbles forth his melody;
In the fields, like an echo, is heard
The shout of the cuckoo, that wand'ring bird
While closer conceal'd, like a viewless thing,
The nightingale chaunts to the gladsome Spri

How cold and thankless the eye must be,
Which, unmov'd, the beauty of Spring ca
How dull the ear, to d[illegible]ght unstirr'd,
By the hum of the bee, or the song of the

nd yet more cold and dull the heart,
To which these no feelings of joy impart;
Which no tribute of thanks or praise can bring,
For the blessings pour'd forth with returning
Spring.

WILD FLOWERS.

THE Flowers, the Flowers, the sweet and gentle
Flowers!
Smiling o'er the sunny bank, or drooping o'er
the streams,
They speak to us of greenwood bowers, of burst-
ing buds, of whispering showers,
And steal upon the memory, like childhood's starry
dreams.

The *Speedwell* on the old ditch side, the yellow
Primrose by its side;
The *Violet*, like a fair young bride, with eyes of
starry blue;
The crimson *Arum* gleaming far, the wild *Straw-*
erry's silver star;
Th *impernel*, with floweret small, and crimson-
urpled hue.

The *Bindweed*, with its graceful bell, as pure a
snow on Highland fell;
The *Meadow-sweet*, o'er sparkling well, like pilgrim nun of old;
The stately *Foxglove* on the rock; the purple
Heath on lone hill-top;
The sweet *Woodbine*, the trailing *Hop*; the *Brook-lime* blue and cold.

The drooping *Harebell* in the wood; the modes
Two-Face-under-Hood;
The *pale blue flower* beside the flood, for which
the brave knight died;
The *Snowdrop* bending by the tomb; the golden
Furze, and tassell'd *Broom*;
The *Dog-rose*, with its crimson bloom, flushing
the dark hedge-side.

With many a floweret rich and bright, whos
beauty glads the wondering sight,
Flinging their fragrance through the night, o'
many a vale and hill;
With colours golden, crimson, and blue; rich
fragrance and bright of hue,
Fair as the birds that above them flew—Sw
Flowers! I love them still!

BEAUTY AND FLOWERS.

TRUST not, sweet soul! those curled waves of gold,
Vith gentle tides that on your temples flow!
or temples spread with flakes of virgin snow!
or snow of cheeks, with Tyrian grain enrolled;
rust not those shining lights, which wrought
my woe
hen first I did their azure rays behold;
or voice, whose sounds more strange effects do
show
han of the Thracian harper have been told.
ook to this dying lily, fading rose!
rk hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
ade all the neighbouring herbs and grass
rejoice!
d think how little is 'twixt life's extremes!
e cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers,
ll once, ah me! not spare that spring of yours.

THE COWSLIP.

UNFOLDING to the breeze of May,
The cowslip greets the vernal ray;
The topaz and the ruby gem
Her blossoms' simple diadem:

And, as the dew-drops gently fall,
They tip with pearls her coronal.
In princely halls and courts of kings,
Its lustrous ray the diamond flings;
Yet few of those who see its beam
Amid the torches' dazzling gleam,
As bright as though a meteor shone,
Can call the costly prize their own.

But gems of every form and hue
Are glittering here in morning dew;
Jewels that all alike may share
As freely as the common air;
No niggard hand, no jealous eye,
Protects them from the passer-by.

Man to his brother shuts his heart,
And science acts a miser's part;
But Nature with a liberal hand
Flings wide her stores o'er sea and land.
If gold she give, not single grains
Are scattered far across the plains;
But, lo, the desert streams are rolled
O'er precious beds of virgin gold.
If flowers she offer, wreaths are given
As countless as the stars of heaven;
Or music,—tis no feeble note
She bids along the valleys float;
Ten thousand nameless melodies
In one full chorus swell the breeze.

Oh! Art is but a scanty rill
That genial seasons scarcely fill;
But Nature needs no tide's return
To fill afresh her flowing urn:
She gathers all her rich supplies,
Where never-failing fountains rise.

THE BEE AND THE LADY-FLOWER.

As Julia once a slumbering lay,
It chanced a Bee did fly that way,
After a dew, or dew-like shower,
To tipple freely in a flower.
For some rich flower, he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip;
But when he felt, he sucked from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence,
He drank so much he scarce could stir;
So Julia took the pilferer;
And, thus surprised, as filchers use,
He thus began to make excuse:
Sweet LADY-FLOWER, I never brought
Hither the least one thieving thought;
But taking these rare lips of yours
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much syrup ran to waste:

Besides, know this, I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing;
But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
For honey that I bear away.
Tis said he laid his little scrip
Of honey 'fore her ladyship;
And told her, as some tears did fall,
That THAT he took, and that was all.
At which she smiled, and bade him go,
And take his bag, but thus much know,
When next he came a pilfering so,
He should from her full lips derive
Honey enough to fill his hive.

TO THE EARLY VIOLET.

SWEET harbinger of wayward Spring!
On Winter's bosom blossoming;
The wanderer greets thee on the moor,—
The peasant by his cottage door,
At morn and eve looks down to bless
Thy meek and modest loveliness,—

The lover deems an eye of blue
Is mirror'd in thine azure hue—
A well-know eye!—and standing there
He softly breathes a soul-felt prayer
For one,—but sooth! I must not tell
The secrets thou dost guard so well.

Sweet violet! one fate is thine,
Alike, yet different to mine!
I, too, must live a little day,
Then fade, like thee, sweet flower, away;
But thou once more shall rise and bloom
When I am in the silent tomb.

Oh, truant fancy! say not so,
May man no brighter presage know?
May man no brighter emblem see
Of life and immortality,
In this fair flow'ret's swift decline?
Then, foolish fancy! why repine?

Sweet haunter of the hidden dell!
This lesson thou hast taught me well;
The Christian's hope can never die,
The Christian's hope is fixed on high,
Where, far from sorrow, care, and pain—
His soul shall rise and bloom again!

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

CAPTIVE.

A FLOWER that's wondrous fair, I know;
  My bosom holds it dear;
To seek that flower I long to go,
  But am imprisoned here.

'Tis no light grief oppresses me;
For, in the days my steps were free,
I had it always near.
Far round the tower I send my eye,
The tower so steep and tall;
But no where can the flower descry
From this high castle wall;
And him who'll bring me my desire,
Or be he knight or be he squire,
My dearest friend I'll call.

ROSE.

My blossoms near thee I disclose,
And hear thy wretched plight;
Thou meanest me, no doubt, the rose,
Thou noble, hapless knight.
A lofty mind in thee is seen,
And in thy bosom reigns the queen
Of flowers, as is her right.

CAPTIVE.

Thy crimson bud I duly prize,
In outer robe of green;
For this thou'rt dear in maiden's eyes,
As gold and jewels sheen.
Thy wreath adorns the fairest brow;
And yet the flower—it is not thou,
Whom my still wishes mean.

LILY.

The rose has cause of pride,
  And upwards aye will soar;
Yet am I held, by many a bride,
  The rose's wreath before.
And beats thy bosom faithfully,
And art thou true and pure as I,
  Thou'lt prize the lily more.

CAPTIVE.

I call myself both chaste and pure,
  And free from passions low;
And yet these walls my limbs immure
  In loneliness and woe.
Though thou dost seem in white arrayed,
Like many a pure and beauteous maid,
  One dearer thing I know.

PINK.

And dearer I, the pink, must be,
  And me thou sure dost choose,
Or else the gardener ne'er for me
  Such watchful care would use;
A crowd of leaves enriching bloom!
And mine through life the sweet perfume,
  And all the thousand hues.

CAPTIVE.

The pink can no one justly slight,
The gardener's favorite flower;
He sets it now beneath the light,
Now shields it from its power.
Yet, 'tis not pomp, who o'er the rest
In splendour shines, can make me blest;
It is a still small flower.

VIOLET.

I stand concealed, and bending low,
And do not love to speak;
Yet will I, as 'tis fitting now,
My wonted silence break.
For if 'tis I, thou gallant man,
Thy heart desires, thine, if I can,
My perfumes all I'll make.

CAPTIVE.

The violet I esteem indeed,
So modest and so kind;
Its fragrance sweet yet more I need,
To soothe mine anguished mind.
To you the truth will I confess;
Here, 'mid this rocky dreariness,
My love I ne'er shall find

The truest wife by yonder brook
Will roam, the mournful day,
And hither cast the anxious look,
Long as immured I stay.
Whene'er she breaks a small blue flower,
And says "Forget me not!" the power
I feel, though far away.

Yes, e'en though far, I feel its might,
For true love joins us twain;
And therefore, 'mid the dungeon's night,
I still in life remain.
And sinks my heart at my hard lot,
I but exclaim "Forget-me-not!"
And straight new life regain.

THE ROSE-BUD.

AN INCIDENT OF CHILDHOOD.

[illegible]ow vividly bright at times appears
[illegible]he long lost scene of our early years,
[illegible]s though childhood's thoughts were embodied then,
[illegible]d sought a home in the soul again!
[illegible] happy scene of Infancy
[illegible]ow remember vividly,

When I stood, on a lovely autumn eve,
With a young and merry company
Around our mother's knee;
A Sabbath eve,—and our thoughts were led
To Him who, victor from the dead,
Arose to-day; then taught to weave
Our artless words in lisping prayer;
A rich deep flow of love was there,
Intensely tender; no austerity
Taught the young heart hypocrisy;
No bigot zeal infused its poison there,
To make the God of Love a source of fear
But gentle as that hour, and as her love,
The tender yet profound,—so was e
thought;
"Father of all, who dwell'st in heaven above!
Such was the God our infant minds were
taught:
And proud since then as thoughts and hope
have been,
Gladly I would exchange the proudest now
For the pure simple feelings of that scene!
Would that we could erase these furrow
lines,
Passion and sorrow's sign,
Deep graven on the brow,
And be again that which we once have been,
Fearless then we weaved
Each childish thought,

Led by her cheering glance
To give our simple fancies utterance,
A speedy answer sought:
And confidentially looked from her, at once
Ready solution; whom we then believed
Possessed all knowledge, and in whom our
trust
Was as implicit, as succeeding years
Have proved thro' all the hateful jealous fears
That time corrodes us with, its source was just!

Well I remember some thoughts of gloom,
As I marked a rose's faded bloom;
"Mother, did I not hear you say
That no flowers would in Eden fade away?
But the rose-buds, dear Mother, I love to see,
Which you said, I remember, resembled me;
Would the lovely rose-buds, do you suppose,
Each spread its leaves to a full-blown rose?
For I'm sure I would not love to see
A garden where no pretty buds would be!"
Kindly she pressed my infant brow;
What was her answer I know not now,
But love surpasses oblivion's spell,
And that look of love I remember well!

nd where is that happy circle now?
Has sorrow dimmed each bright young brow?
Alas! the tears of some have mingled
O'er the grave of others death has singled;

One sod now wraps the dust of three
Of that gay and joyous company;
The long grass sadly waves above,
But their ransomed spirits the lesson prove,
That the God of Heaven is a God of love!

TO THE WOOD SORREL.

HAIL to thee! exquisitely pencill'd flower,
That tremblest on thy solitary stem,
And shrinkest even from the passing shower
That would thy fairy cup with crystals gem.

Faint heart hast thou that canst not brook a frow
But waitest weeping for a sunny smile,
With petals closed and calyx hanging down,
And leaves enfolden in despair the while.

The stream runs sparkling by—the wild bee hun
And thoughtful seeks his mossy hermit cell
And see, to kiss thy cheek, the sunbeam com
Now, pensive Sorrel, raise thy drooping be

Whence hast thou won thy names, thou sin
flower?
A nameless wanderer seeks the reason w
Here will he sit and muse away the hours
For he, like thee, is lowly, sad, and shy.

Thine ancient, solemn title, sure was given,
Pale "ALLELUIA," by grey monks of old,
What time the chanted service rose to heaven,
When paced the brethren forth, barefoot and
stoled,

To far-off fanes in hoary forest hid,
Where pealing bells for Easter masses rung;
When all to hail that holy time were bid,
And incense through the buttress'd piles was
flung.

Not unobservant they, those brethren pale,
They would not crush, with careless foot, thy
flower;
While "Alleluias" swept adown the vale,
They stepp'd aside, and bless'd thy spring-tide
hour.

They passed away!—and moulder'd are the
fanes—
The mortals and their works alike are gone;
Dark roll'd the tide of war along the plains,
Yet thou, a simple flower, unhurt, liv'dst on.

It chanced upon the good Saint Patrick's day,
A warrior, wounded, fell, with riven crest;
Thy little careless plant bloom'd where he lay,
And hope reviving sprang within his breast.

"Erin-go-bragh!"—he pluck'd thy trefoil'd stem,
And vow'd a vow by holy Patrick's shrine,
A "SHAMROCK" chaplet for a diadem,
Erin's, green Erin's, burnish'd helm should twine.

He pass'd away!—that mail-clad warrior bold—
Still thou liv'dst on, meek Sorrel, as of yore;
Then came some village leech, down bent and old,
And placed thee in his widely gather'd store.

Though long he mused upon thy healing power,
The names he gave, uncouth they were, and rude;
"STUBWORT," he call'd thee, "OXALIN," "WOOD-SOUR."
That by his skill the cooling draught imbued.

The unlearn'd peasant loves thy fragile form,
And gipsy children seek thy mossy bed;
When days are long, and April suns are warm,
They laugh, and say, thou art "THE CUCKOO BREAD."

Emblem of "JOY!"—thou hail'st the dawning day;
And pious cottage dames yet love to tell
The careless urchins how thou turn'st to pr[illegible]
And ring'st the matins on thy fairy bell.

Fair fall the dew upon thy crimson stalk!
Long may the wild bee murmur on thy breast!
Long may the wanderer find thee in his walk,
Where thou hast risen, each spring, from death-like rest.

AUTUMNAL ROSES.

WHAT are ye like, sweet flowers, that gaily bloom
'Neath autumn's blast; so softly bending
Your clustered buds; so sweetly lending
The rude yet mournful gale your rich perfume?
What are ye like, amid decay and gloom,
A brighter tint of joy and summer blending?
Oh! ye are like young spirits yet ascending
The glade of life, unmindful of the doom
That sighs around them! When the hand of death
Shall reach the loved companions of their way,
And bid each dearest, cherish'd friend depart,
Like you, sweet flowers! they'll bow beneath the breath
That dims all loveliness; the young, the gay,
Will change and fade—the desolate of heart!

THE LAST AUTUMN FLOWER.

THE last autumn flower
  Is withered and dead,
And has bowed to the tempest
  Its beautiful head;
Its leaves are all faded,
  Its loveliness flown,
In the place where it flourished
  No more it is known.

It awakened to life
  In the glory of Spring,
When earth's beauties were rife,
  And the bee on the wing;
And it smiled in the sunbeam,
  And danced in the breeze,
When summer shone brightly
  On the flowers and trees.

It lingered to share in
  The sun's latest ray,
When the rest of its sisters
  Had faded away;
But when cold tempests gathered,
  And wintry winds blew,
It shrank from the trial,
  And it fell away too.

And thus, often a friend,
  Spring and summer have known,
Will live through one autumn,
  When many have flown;
But when hope has departed,
  And sorrow's clouds lour,
Fades away from our sides,
  Like the last Autumn Flower.

LOVE'S WREATH.

When Love was a child, and went idling round
  Among flowers, the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
  So sweet, it allured him to stay.

O'erhead in the trees hung a garland fair;
  A fountain ran darkly beneath;
'Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flowers up
    there;
  Love knew it, and jumped at the wreath.

But Love did not know—and, at his weak years,
  What urchin was likely to know?—
That Sorrow had made, of her own salt tears,
  That fountain which murmured below.

He caught at the wreath, but with too much
haste,
As boys, when impatient, will do;
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.

Yet this is the wreath he wears night and day;
And though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own lustre, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the fountain of tears.

THE ROSES.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST CHILD.

Two roses on one slender spray
In sweet communion grew,
Together hailed the morning ray,
And drank the evening dew:
While, sweetly wreathed in mossy green,
There sprang a little bud between.

Thro' clouds and sunshine, storms and shower
They opened into bloom,
Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
Their beauty and perfume;

While, fostered on its rising stem,
The bud became a purple gem.

But soon, their summer splendour pass'd,
They faded in the wind,
Yet were those roses, to the last,
The loveliest of their kind,
Whose crimson leaves, in falling round,
Adorned and sanctified the ground.

When thus were all their honours shorn,
The bud unfolding rose,
And blushed and brightened as the morn
From dawn to sunrise glows,
Till o'er each parent's drooping head
The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My Friends! in youth's romantic prime,
The golden age of man,
Like these twin roses spend your time,
Life's little lessening span;
Then be your breast as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as theirs.

And in the infant bud that blows
In your encircling arms,
Mark the dear promise of a rose,
The pledge of future charms,
That o'er your withering hours shall shine
Fair and more fair, as you decline;—

Till, planted in the realm of rest,
Where Roses never die,
Amidst the garden of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky,
You flower afresh, like Aaron's rod,
That blossomed at the sight of God.

THE VIOLET.

The Violet, in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast herself the fairest flower,
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining,
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet, through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow.

THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

THOU'RT bearing hence thy roses,
  Glad summer, fare thee well !
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
  In every wood and dell.

But ere the golden sunset
  Of thy latest lingering day,
Oh ! tell me, o'er the chequered earth,
  How hast thou passed away ?

Brightly, sweet summer ! brightly
  Thine hours have floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
  The rangers of the sky ;

And brightly in the forests,
  To the wild deer wandering free ;
And brightly 'mid the garden flowers
  To the happy murmuring bee ;

But how to human bosoms,
  With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make them eagle-wings,
  To pierce the unborn years ?

Sweet summer! to the captive
  Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods with all their whispering leaves,
  And the blue rejoicing streams;

To the wasted and the weary,
  On the bed of sickness bound,
In swift delirious fantasies,
  That changed with every sound;

To the sailor on the billows,
  In longings wild and vain,
For the gushing founts and breezy hills,
  And the homes of earth again!

And unto me, glad summer!
  How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footsteps nought hath kept
  From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
  In memories of the dead—
In shadows from a troubled heart,
  O'er thy sunny pathway shed;

In brief and sudden strivings
  To fling a weight aside—
Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
  And all thy roses died.

But oh! thou gentle summer,
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again the buoyancy
Wherewith my soul should soar!

Give me to hail thy sunshine,
With song and spirit free;
Or in purer air than this
May that next meeting be!

LINES,

ON RECEIVING A BRANCH OF MEZEREON.

Odours of spring, my sense ye charm,
With fragrance premature,
And, 'mid these days of dark alarm,
Almost to hope allure.
Methinks with purpose soft ye come,
To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
Her sunny gales and showers.

Alas! for me shall May in vain
The power of life restore;
Those eyes that weep and watch in pain,
Shall see her charms no more.

No, no, this anguish cannot last;
Beloved friends, adieu;
The bitterness of death were past,
Could I resign but you.

Oh! ye who soothe the pangs of death,
With love's own patient care,
Still, still retain this fleeting breath;
Still pour the fervent prayer.
And ye, whose smiles must greet my eye
No more, nor voice my ear,
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
And shed the pitying tear;

Whose kindness, though far, far removed,
Thy grateful thoughts perceive;
Pride of my life—esteemed, beloved,
My last sad claim receive!
Oh, do not quite your friend forget—
Forget alone her faults;
And speak of her with fond regret,
Who asks your lingering thoughts.

TO THE CROCUS.

LOWLY, sprightly little flower!
  Herald of a brighter bloom,
Bursting in a sunny hour
  From thy winter tomb.

Hues you bring, bright, gay, and tender,
  As if never to decay;
Fleeting in their varied splendour—
  Soon, alas! it fades away.

Thus the hopes I long had cherished,
  Thus the friends I long had known,
One by one, like you, have perished,
  Blighted—I must fade alone.

THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.

BUY my flowers, O buy, I pray,
  The blind girl comes from afar;
If the earth be as fair as I hear them say
  These flowers her children are!

Do they her beauty keep?
They are fresh from her lap I know,
For I caught them fast asleep
In her arms an hour ago.
With the air which is her breath,
Her soft and delicate breath,
Over them murmuring low.
On her lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,
And her cheek with her tender tears are wet;
For she weeps, that gentle mother weeps,
As morn and night her watch she keeps,
With a yearning heart and a passionate care;—
To see the young things grow so fair;
She weeps—for love she weeps,
And the dews are the tears she weeps
From the well of a mother's love.

Ye have a world of light,
Where love in the loved rejoices,
But the blind girl's home is the house of night,
And its beings are empty voices.
As one in the realm below
I stand by the streams of woe,
I hear the vain shadows glide,
I feel their soft breath at my side,
And I thirst their loved forms to see,
And I stretch my fond arms around,
And I catch but a shapeless sound,
For the living are ghosts to me,
Come buy! come buy!
Hark how sweet things sigh,

For they have a voice like ours,—
"The breath of the blind-girl closes
"The leaves of the saddening roses,
"We are, we are sons of light,
"We shrink from this child of night,
"From the grasp of the blind-girl free us,
"We yearn for the eyes that see us,
"We are, for the night, too gay,
"In your eyes we behold the day,"
—O buy,—O buy the flowers!

THE WATER-LILY.

Oh! beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately River-queen!
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
Of a pure heart.

Bright Lily of the wave;
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting aloft thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
Whether with foam or picture azure spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee,
The love of woman! quivering to the blast,
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
'Midst life's dark sea.

And Faith—oh! is not Faith
Like thee, too, Lily? Springing into light
Still buoyantly, above the billow's might,
Through the storm's breath?

Yes, link'd with such high thoughts,
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie,
Till something there of its own purity
And peace be wrought:

Something yet more divine
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed
Forth from thy breast, upon the river's bed.
As from a shrine.

THE ALMOND TREE.

FLEETING and falling,
Where is the bloom
Of yon fair almond tree?
It is sunk in the tomb:

Its tomb wheresoever
The wind may have borne
The leaves and the blossoms
Its roughness has torn.

Some there are floating
On yon fountain's breast;
Some line the moss
Of the nightingale's nest.

Some are just strewn
O'er the green grass below;
And there they lie stainless
As winter's first snow.

Yesterday, on the boughs
They hung scented and fair;
To-day, they are scattered
The breeze best knows where.

To-morrow, those leaves
  Will be scentless and dead,
For the kind to lament,
  And the careless to tread.

And is it not thus
  With each hope of the heart?
With all its best feelings
  Thus will they depart.

They'll go forth to the world,
  On the wings of the air,
Rejoicing and hoping;
  But what will be there?—

False lights to deceive,
  False friends to delude,
Till the heart, in its sorrow,
  Left only to brood—

Over feelings, crushed, chilled,
  Sweet hopes ever flown;
Like that tree, when its green leaves
  And blossoms are gone.

THE LESSON OF A ROSE.

AH ! see, whose fayre thing dost faint to see,
In springing flower the image of the day !
Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe forth with bashful modestee,
That fairer seems the lesse ye see her may !
Lo ! see soone after how, more bold and free,
Her bared bosome she doth broad display ;
Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls away!

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life, the leafe, the bud, the flowre ;
No more doth florish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bower
Of many a lady, and many a paramoure !
Gather therefore the rose whilest yet is prime ;
For soon comes age that will her pride defloure ;
Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time,
Whilest loveing thou mayest loved be with equall
crime.

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INVOCATION TO SPRING.

COME, O thou beautiful, blossoming Spring,
And to me thy loveliest flowerets bring!—
Come; let their bright leaves encircle thy brow,
And wave 'midst thy glittering tresses now;
Oh! linger no more 'neath the fleecy veil,
The fabric of Winter's congealing gale,
But gently breathe on the chill snowy shroud,
And 'twill vanish in tears, like the Summer cloud,
As grieved to see thee its whiteness excel
In the virgin hue of the snowdrop's bell.
Then gaze upon earth with thy azure eyes,
And bid their emblem, the violet, rise
On the greenwood bank, where the primrose pale
Looks up, to greet gladly the nightingale!
And the regal crocus, in purple and gold,
Bursts forth into life from its leafy fold.

Come! for we are weary of wind and storm:
Come, gladden our hearts with thy fairy form:—
Bring with thee the daisy's "wee crimson tip,"
Like the roseate hue of a maiden's lip;
And childhood's own darling, the buttercup,
With bright rays gild, as its flowers glance up;
Let the hyacinth wave in the scented breeze,
And the May-buds peep on the hawthorn trees,

And the orchards dress in their gayest gear—
'Tis the holiday-time of the circling year;
And bid the birds sing on each branch and spray,
While the gay flowers dance, in genial ray.
Oh! merry and glad will the bright earth be,
When cold Winter retreats, and thou art free—
All floating around us on fragrant wing,
And gemmed with soft dew-drops—the fair young
Spring!

THE WALL-FLOWER.

CHEERFUL 'midst desolation's sadness—thou—
Fair flower, art wont to grace the mouldering
pile,
And brightly bloom o'er ruin, like a smile
Reposing calm on age's furrowed brow—
Sweet monitor! an emblem sure I see
Of virtue, and of virtue's power, in thee.
For though thou cheerest the dull ruin's gloom,
Still when thou'rt found upon the gay parterre,
There thou art sweetest—fairest of the fair;—
So virtue, while it robs of dread the tomb,
Shines in the crown that youth and beauty
wear,
Being best of all the gems that glitter there.

SONG.

Thou art lovelier than the coming
  Of the fairest flowers of spring,
When the wild bee wanders, humming,
  Like a blessed fairy thing:
Thou art lovelier than the breaking
  Of the orient crimson morn,
When the gentlest winds are shaking
  The dew-drops from the thorn.

I have seen the wild flowers springing
  In wood, and field, and glen,
Where a thousand birds were singing:
  And my thoughts were of thee then;
For there's nothing gladsome round me,
  Nothing beautiful to see,
Since thy beauty's spell has bound me,
  But is eloquent of thee.

VOICE OF THE LILY.

Come away from the wide busy ocean of toil,
  O ye children of earth, come away,
To the vale of retirement, and linger awhile
  To hear what a lily would say;

"While the gay, giddy world, full of pleasure and care,
Never think of their Master and God,
I am glad when I feel that his presence is here,
In my lonely, yet peaceful, abode.

"When around me he bids his mild sunshine arise,
I am grateful his goodness to own;
I open, and smile, and look up to the skies,
But I sadden and droop at his frown.

"When he rides by me on the soft breeze I bow,
For I feel that the great God is nigh;
And when o'er me he bids his wild icy wind blow,
I obey him—and wither—and die.

" And so, when the streamlet refuses to flow,
And the ice on its bosom is laid—
When the fields and the trees are all covered with snow,
And the verdure of summer is dead,

"I bow, and I tremble, and die—for I know
That His goodness and power remain;
And the cold winter over, again I shall grow,
And be raised in beauty again.

"'Tis thus, in the silence of solitude given,
My lessons of wisdom are found,
To please and instruct on your journey to heaven,
To my lonely recess on the ground."

TO THE DAISY.

In youth, from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill, in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
  Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make,
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And Nature's love of thee partake,
  Her much-loved daisy!

Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few grey hairs;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
  That she may sun thee;
Whole summer-fields are thine by right;
And Autumn, melancholy wight!
Doth in thy crimson head delight,
  When rains are on thee.

Be violets, in their secret mews,
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
  Her head impearling;
Thou livest with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy flame;
Thou art indeed, by many a claim,
  The poet's darling.

If to a rock for rain he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprison'd by hot sunshine lie
  Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare,
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art!—a friend at hand to scare
  His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couch'd an hour,
Have I deriv'd from thy sweet power
  Some apprehension;
Some steady love; some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy, wrong or right,
  Of strong invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance-look to thee should turn,
I drink out of an humble urn
  A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life, our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
  Of hearts at leasure.

Fresh smitten by thy morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play
  With kindred gladness;

And when at dusk, by dews opprest,
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
  Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
  To thee am owing;
An instinct call it, a blind sense,
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
  Nor whither going.

Child of the year! that round dost run
Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun,
As ready to salute the sun
  As lark or leveret,
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;
Nor be less dear to future men
Than in old time; thou not in vain
  Art Nature's favourite.

FLOWERS.

On the third day of creation,
  Before mankind had birth,
Ten thousand thousand flowers sprang up
  To beautify the earth;

From the rejoicing earth sprang up
  Each radiant bursting bud;
And God looked down, at eventide,
  And saw that they were good.

And now and then ten thousand flowers
  From the gracious earth outburst;
And every flower that springeth up
  Is goodly as at first.

The red rose is the red rose still;
  And from the lily's cup
An odour, fragrant as the first,
  Like frankincense goes up.

O flowers, fair shining flowers,
  Like crowned kings ye are;
Each, in the nature of its kind,
  Unchanging as a star.

Empires have fallen to decay,
  Forgotten e'en in name,—
And man's sublimest words decay;
  But ye are still the same!

Ye flowers,—ye little flowers!
  Were witnesses of things
More glorious and more wondrous far
  Than the fall and rise of kings!

Ye, in the vales of Paradise,
Heard how the mountains rang,
When the sons of God did shout for joy,
And the stars of morning sang!

Ye saw the creatures of the earth,
Ere fear was felt, or pain:
Ye saw the lion with the lamb
Go sporting o'er the plain!

Ye were the first that from the earth
Sprung, when the floods were dried;
And the meek dove from out the ark
Went wandering far and wide;

And when upon Mount Ararat
The floating ark was stayed,—
And the freshness of the flowing earth
The patriarch first surveyed.

Ye saw across the heaven
The new-made bended bow,—
Ye heard the Eternal bind himself,
Upon the glorious show,

That never more the waters wild
Should rage beyond their shore;
That harvest time and time of seed
Should be for evermore.

O flowers, sweet and goodly flowers!
Ye were loved in times of old;
And better worth were crowns of flowers,
Than crowns of beaten gold!

They wore ye at the marriage feasts,
When merry pipes were blown;
And o'er their most beloved dead,
Fit emblems, were ye strewn!

The poets ever loved ye,—
For in their soul upwrought,
Like seas, and stars, and mountains old,
Enkindling lofty thought!

But—greater far than all—
Our blessed Lord did see
How beautiful the lilies grew,
In the fields of Galilee.

Consider now these flowers, He said;
They toil not, neither spin,—
And God himself the garment made,
Which they are clothed in;

In perfectness of beauty,
Each several flower is made;
And Solomon, in all his pomp,
Was not like these arrayed;

They are but of the field, yet God
  Has clothed them as you see!
O how much more, immortal souls,
  Will He not care for ye?

THE HAREBELL.

"For me,"—she stooped, and, looking round,
Plucked a blue harebell from the ground,—
"For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea,
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew, blithe as the rose
That in the king's own garden grows;
And, when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard, is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair."

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

There are that love the shades of life,
  And shun the splendid walks of fame;
There are that hold it rueful strife
  To risk Ambition's losing game;

That, far from envy's lurid eye,
  The fairest fruits of genius rear,
Content to see them bloom and die
  In friendship's small but kindly sphere.

Than vainer flowers, though sweeter far,
  The Evening Primrose shuns the day;
Blooms only to the western star,
  And loves its solitary ray.

In Eden's vale, an aged hind,
  At the dim twilight's closing hour,
On his time-smoothed staff reclined,
  With wonder viewed the opening flower.

"Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,"
  (In pity's simple thought he cries,)
"Thy bosom must not feel the glow
  Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.

"Nor thee the vagrants of the field,
  The hamlet's little train, behold;
Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
  When thine the falling shades unfold.

"Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,
  When love has filled his heart with cares:
For flowers he rifles all the meads;
  For waking flowers—but thine forbears."

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Teach thee their language? Sweet, I know no
tongue,
No mystic art those gentle things declare;
I ne'er could trace the schoolman's trick among
Created things, so delicate and rare :
Their language? Prythee ; why, they are them-
selves
But bright thoughts syllabled to shape and
hue,
The tongue that erst was spoken by the elves,
When tenderness as yet within the world was
new.
And oh, do not their soft and starry eyes—
Their incense fainting as it seeks the skies,
Yet still from earth with freshening hope re-
ceding—
Say, do not these to every heart declare,
With all the silent eloquence of truth,
The language that they speak is Nature's prayer,
To give her back those spotless days of youth?

THE VIOLET.

WHY, better than the lady rose,
  Love I this little flower?
Because its fragrant leaves are those
  I loved in chidhood's hour.

Tho' many a flower may win my praise,
  The violet has my love;
I did not pass my childish days
  In garden or in grove.

My garden was the window seat,
  Upon whose edge was set
A little vase,—the fair, the sweet,—
  In't was a Violet.

It was my pleasure and my pride;
  How did I watch its growth!
For health and bloom what plans I tried,
  And often injured both.

I placed it in the summer shower;
  I placed it in the sun;
And ever at the evening hour,
  My work seemed half undone.

The broad leaves spread, the small buds grew,
How slow they seemed to be;
At last, there came a tinge of blue,—
'Twas all the world to me!

At length, the perfume filled the room,
Shed from their purple wreath!
No flower has now so rich a bloom,
Has now so sweet a breath.

I gathered two or three,—they seemed
Such rich gifts to bestow;
So precious in my sight, I deemed
That all must think them so.

Ah! who is there but would be fain
To be a child, once more,
If future years could bring again
All that they brought before?

My heart's world has been long o'er-thrown;
It is no more of flowers;
Their bloom is past, their breath is flown,
Yet I recall those hours.

Let nature spread her loveliest,
By spring or summer nurst;
Yet still I love the Violet best,
Because I loved it first.

SPRING TIME.

Thou wak'st again, O Earth,
From winter's sleep!—
Bursting, with voice of mirth,
From icy keep;
And, laughing at the sun,
Who hath their freedom won,
Thy waters leap!

Thou wak'st again, O Earth,
Freshly again;
And who by fireside hearth
Now will remain?
Come, on thy rosy hours,—
Come, on thy buds and flowers,
As when, in Eden's bowers,
Spring first did reign.
Birds on their breezes chime
Blithe as in that matin-time,
Their choiring begun:
Earth, thou hast many a prime—
Man hath but one.

Thou wak'st again, O Earth!
Freshly and new,
As when, at Spring's first birth,
First floweret grew.

Heart! that to Earth doth cling,
While boughs are blossoming,
Why wake not too?
Playing, thou sluggard heart,
In life no manly part,
Though youth be gone.
Wake! 'tis Spring's quickening breath
Now o'er thee blown;
Wake thee! and ere in death
Pulses thou slumbereth,
Pluck but from Glory's wreath
One leaf alone!

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